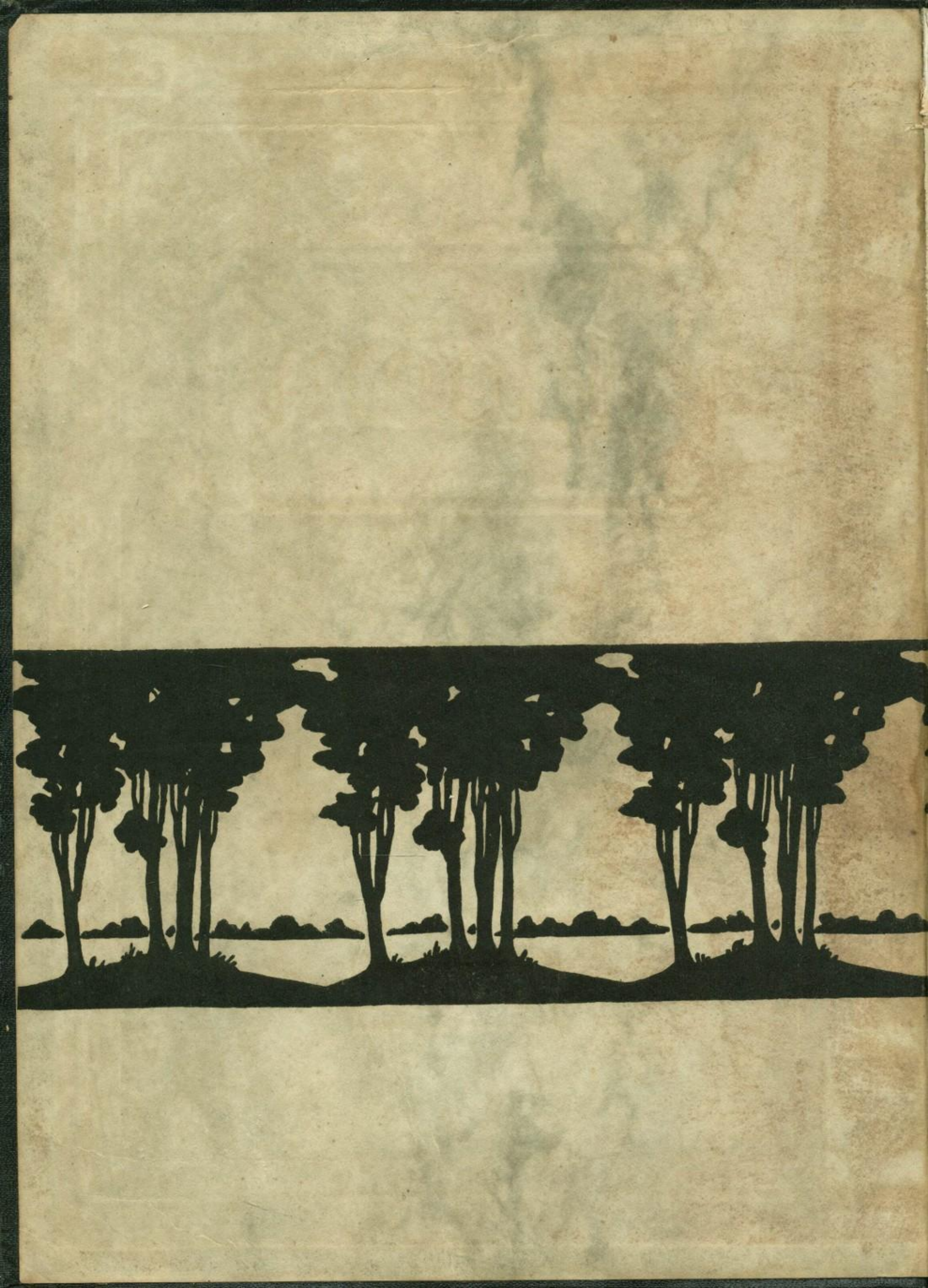


Bloom

1925

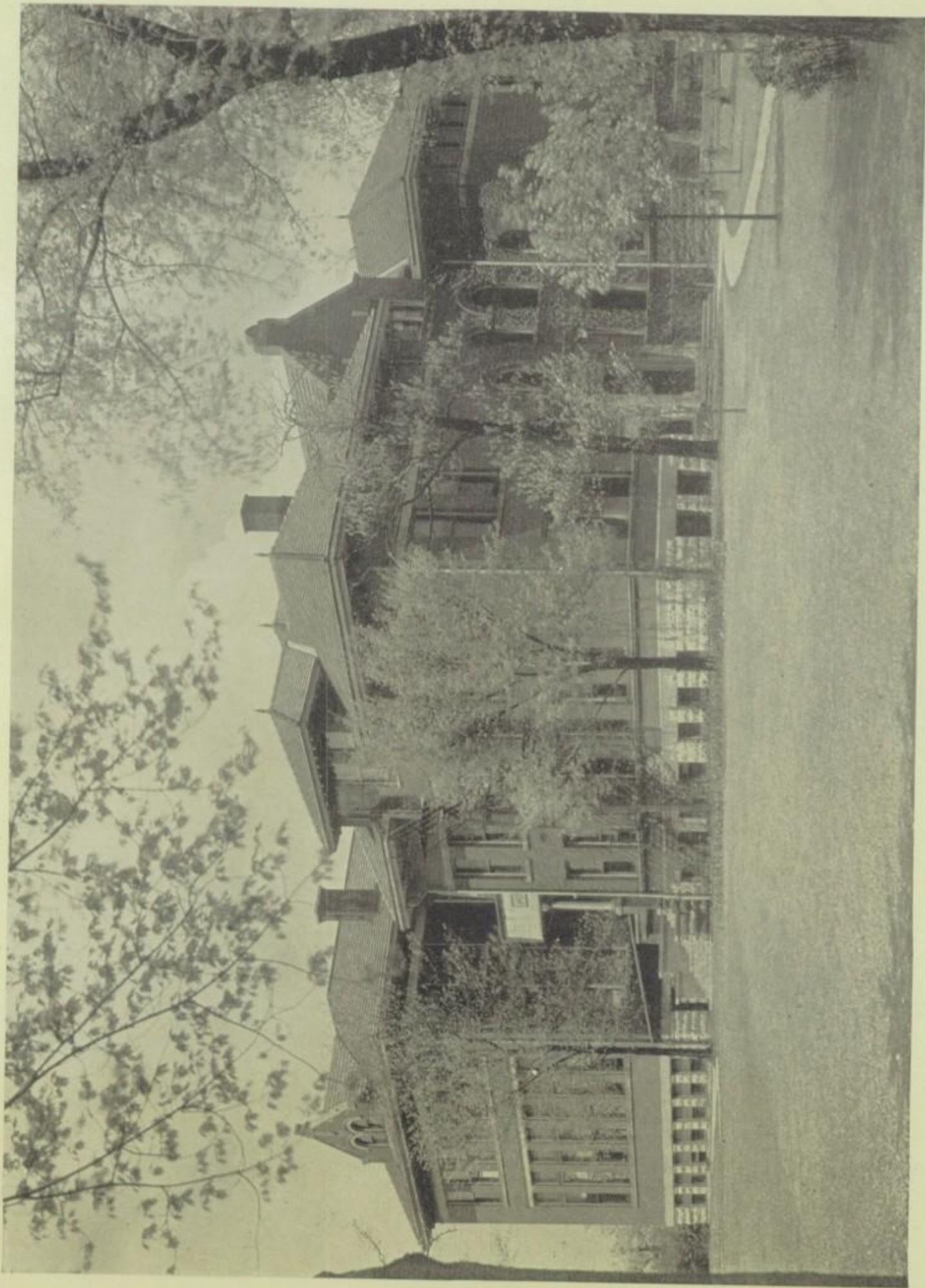




The
BLOOM



Senior Class Publication
Bloom Township High School
Chicago Heights, Illinois
Vol. IX.



BLOOM



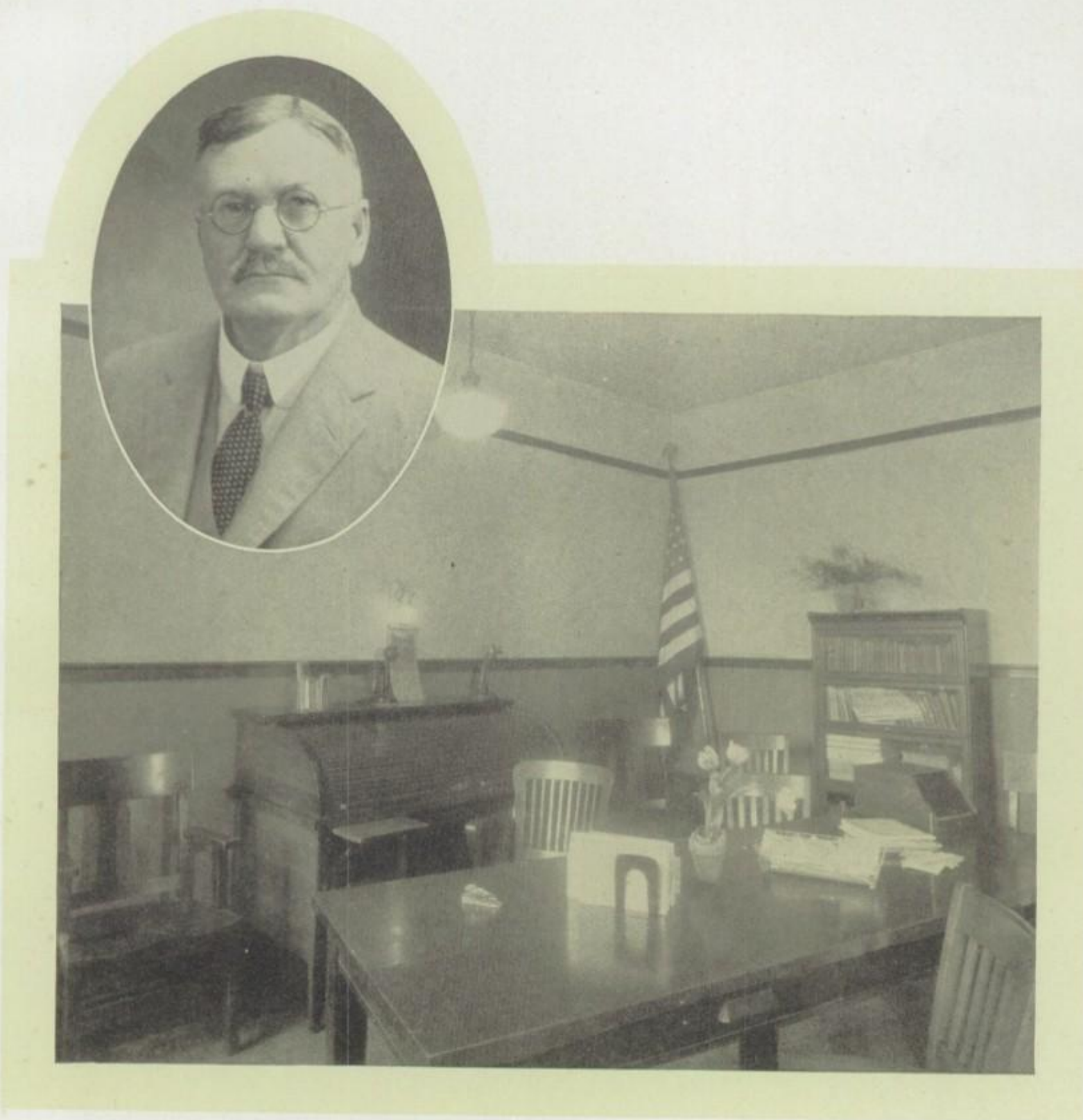
EAST DOOR



LIBRARY



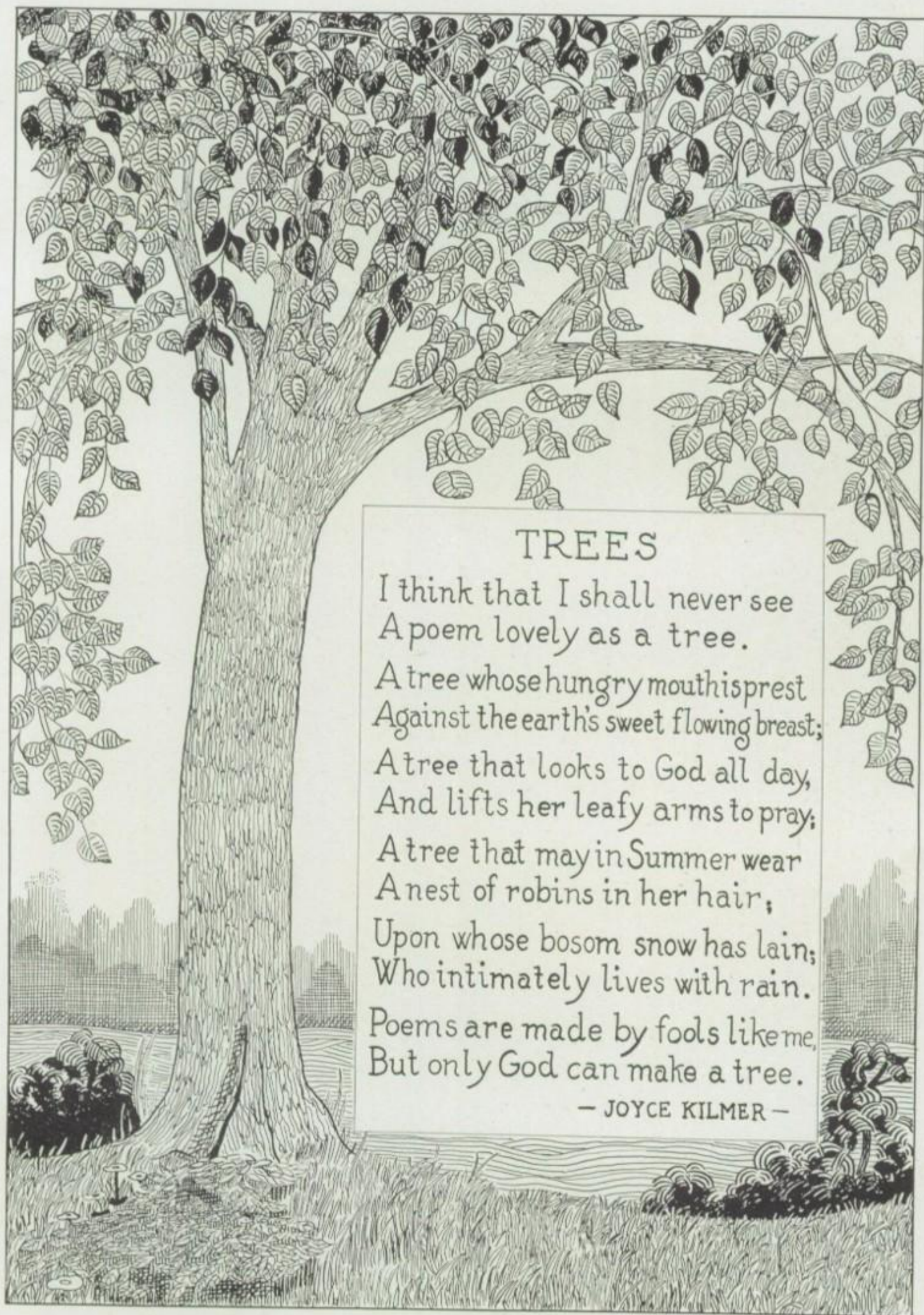
DINING ROOM



E. L. BOYER, *Principal*



DEAN OF GIRLS



TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks to God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

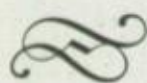
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

— JOYCE KILMER —

Foreword

Herewith is presented the record of a year,—a year rich in achievement, and fresh with the activities and school duties of our students. May each, as he reads this book, feel a keener interest, and express a higher appreciation for his school—Bloom.



==== Bloom =====



We, the Senior Class of Bloom Township High School, dedicate this, the 1925 Bloom, to Bessie H. Stewart, whose guidance, inspirations, and friendly helpfulness have made our high school life a continual joy.



The Board of Education

The Board of Education has accomplished a great deal this year by realizing fully the plans which were started last year to give the teachers and students more commodious quarters and more convenient apparatus. Many valuable books have been secured for the library by appropriations which the Board has made. They also have made it possible for every student in Bloom to get an Annual by placing price at one dollar. Bloom has never had its own athletic field; but through the Board's efforts, it now possesses one which is ready to stage all athletic contests. The Board has been very quick to realize the improvements that were needed, and has done much to make Bloom a better equipped school.

1925

George Whitfield

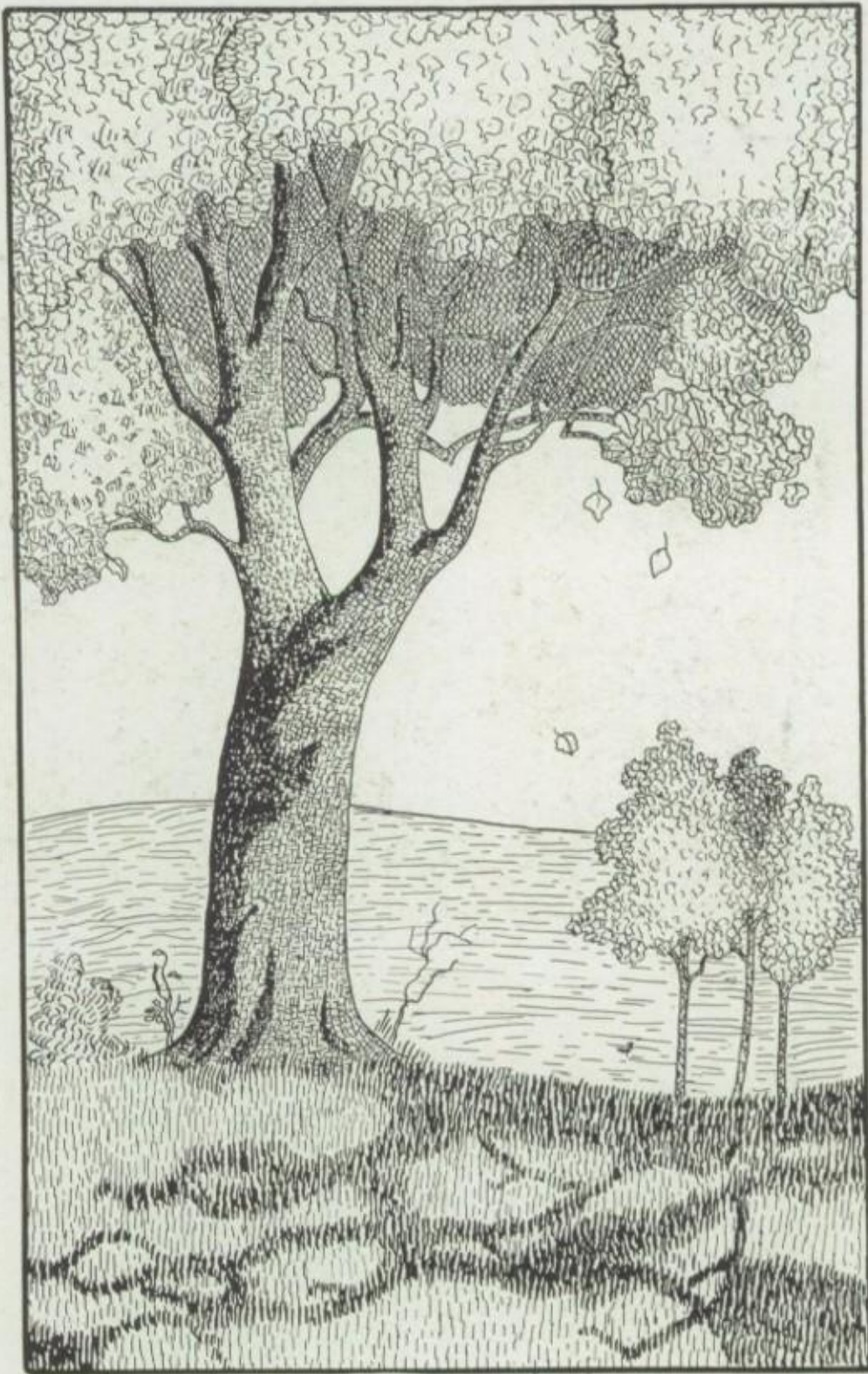
Harry Macke, *Pres.*

Wm. J. Mathews

George S. Angus, *Sec.*

J. J. Eckfeldt

FACULTY



The gladness and health of the maple
Are scattered wherever it grows;
Its heart is as white as the lilies,
And strong with the green sap that flows.



Bloom

FACULTY, 1925

E. L. BOYER, *Principal*

ENGLISH

Miss Florence Wallace	Miss Ora Theobald
Miss Ida H. Way	Miss Merle Turner
Miss Bessie Stewart	Miss Ethel Mellinger
Miss Mabel Hessler	

LANGUAGES

Miss Aloa Haskett	Miss Marcella Hartman
Miss Viola G. Herr	Miss Martha Hielscher

HISTORY

Miss Adeline Smith	Miss Vera Lohrmann
Mr. Glenn Evans	

MATHEMATICS

Mr. Graydon Mumford	Miss Marcella Hartman
Mr. Stanley Legg	Miss Lorraine Conrad

SCIENCE

Mr. C. J. Halteman	Mr. E. R. Nelson
Mr. Alvin Waldorf	Miss Altha Haviland

COMMERCIAL

Miss Alma Galster	Miss Daisy Cameron
Miss Alice Saller	Miss Viola Du Frain
Mr. Arno Toll	

HOME ECONOMICS

Miss Mercedes Siedler	Miss Blanche Young
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MANUAL TRAINING

Mr. W. P. Dyer	Mr. W. W. Freese
Mr. W. O. Pettys	

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Miss Cecil Stark

MUSIC

Miss Flora Bliss

ART

Miss Mary Erma Ash

PHYSICAL TRAINING

Mr. Angus L. Cotton	Miss Leila Veazey
---------------------	-------------------

LIBRARIAN

Miss E. Pearl Hess

PRINCIPAL'S SECRETARY

Miss Hildur Soderman



Peeps at the Faculty

*I would tell you a tale of our faculty
 Could I, perchance, get you to see
 The different things they do and say.
 So harken, people, to my lay!*

*Our dear Miss Saller flivvers the country 'round,
 Miss Hartman does the Freshies scold,—
 Arno Toll, instead of keeping books,
 The girls, he keeps at school, I'm told.*

*Magister, quantas calamitas!
 "My word," I hear Miss Hielscher cry.
 In the Latin Club, the long patient grace of
 Miss Haskett and Miss Herr we try.*

*Try to get a new book from Miss Hess, and lo!
 She'll look you in the face and say,
 With a voice that's so sweet and so truly kind,
 "Oh, they're all gone,—none here, today."*

*I should think our Miss Galster would dizzy get,
 Running 'round the halls so quickly.
 But perhaps Miss Veazey is helping her
 In "Keeping Fit"—She's not so weakly."*

*Mr. Legg many hints 'n good advice might give
 To students on matters of bonds or stock;
 Halteman's advice to the very young
 Is, "Bye low, bye low—and rock."*

*G. A. Waldorf reigns in the attic, supreme,
 While coach a light occupation holds.
 Mr. E. Nelson's the king of the Chemistry Lab—
 And Freese teaches angles, squares, and molds.*

*One would like now to know how a boy could get
 In class without our Dyer's O. K.?
 You all do know that Miss Wallace is Hamlet's friend???
 Such good Staff members has Miss Way!!*



Bloom

*See the long line waiting! Oh, can it be
They wait and wait for admission blanks?
So near Prof. Dyer, and yet, oh, so far—
But getting one, each nods his thanks.*

*And do you know how chic the exhibits are
In Miss Siedler's sewing-class display?
Our Miss Smith's anecdotes happen years ago—
Oh dear! No—never in her day!!*

*In the Civics class-room Glenn Evans talks;
Miss Stark has the public speaking class,
Miss B. Stewart endeavors with dignity
The Seniors to inflate, enmasse.*

*In our Bliss—ful music we're "way off pitch,"
At least so our director says—
"Accelerate with me," she sings—oh dear,
How oft we try—till nearly dead!*

*Using monstrous words in the History class
Miss Lohrmann, all in vain does try
Thus, to teach her class about wars and such;
And Miss Ash, meanwhile, shows us how to dye!*

*I should like to tell a few things more,—
The bugs Miss Haviland searches for;
But the "skeleton in her closet" might, oh,
Perchance, hop right out through the door!*

*Our Miss Theobald is the Dean of Girls,
Admission blanks she writes for fun (?).
Mr. Petty's the coach of the light-weight crew,
This said, Mr. Boyer, my tale is done.*



Ode to Mr. Boyer

Hail to our chief who with wisdom has led us,
Safe through the years that we've spent here in Bloom;
Who taught us how, in his great, kindly manner,
To enjoy the school days from September to June.

He was our friend from the very beginning,
When we entered as Freshies, bashful and shy;
Helping the lost who from class-rooms had wandered,
Clearing so often our cloud-laden sky.

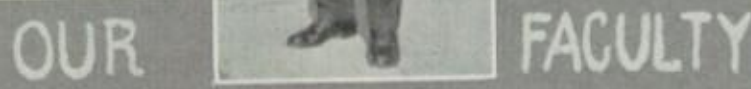
Stern were his orders to wrong-doing classmates—
Stern, but so kindly, that each tried his best
To keep the escutcheon of Bloom white and stainless,
By obeying all orders, and so helping the rest.



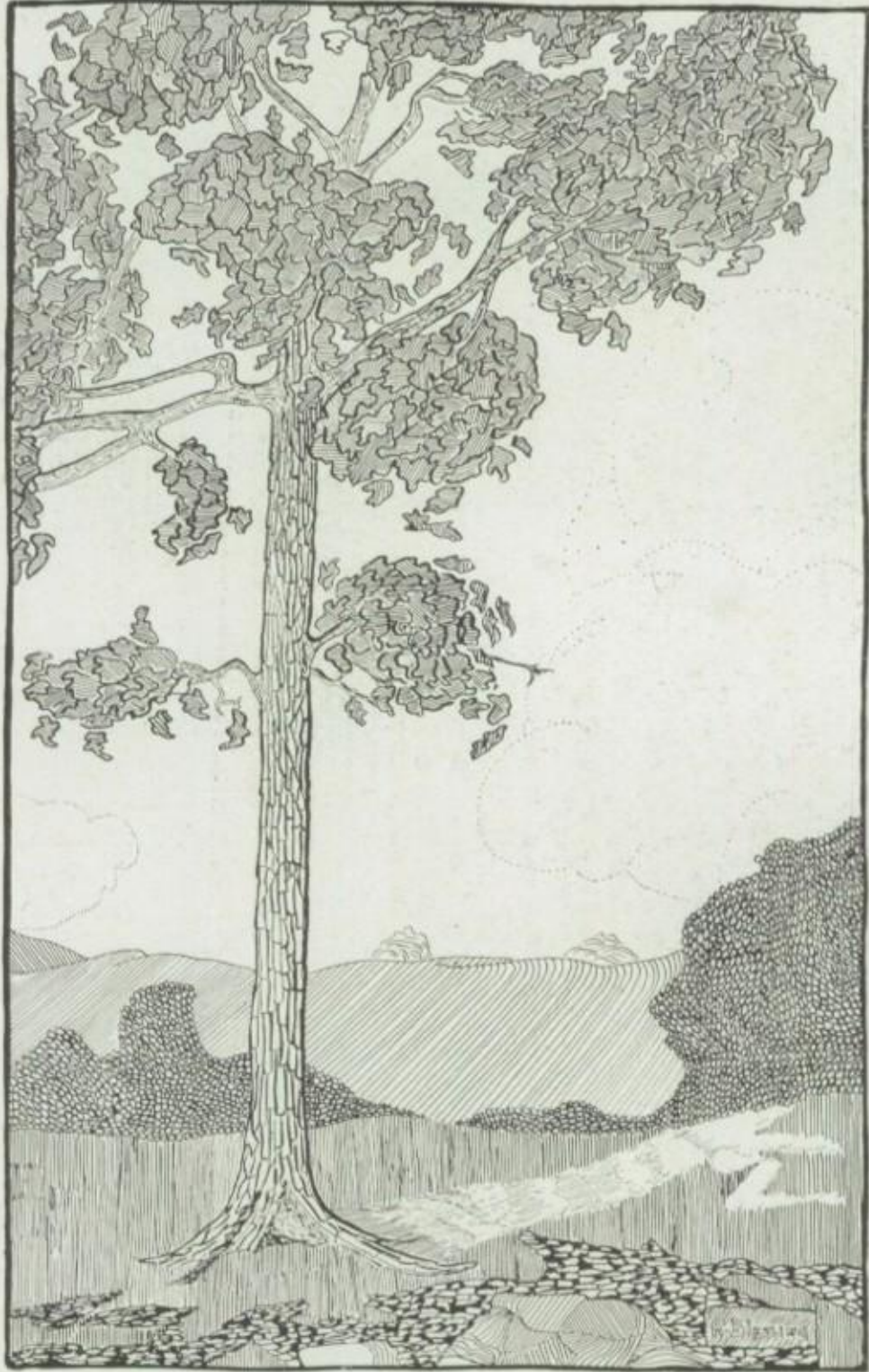
Faculty Library

Mr. Boyer.....	"Command"
Miss Ash.....	"Lovey Mary"
Miss Bliss.....	"The Choir Invisible"
Miss Cameron.....	} "The Illini"
Miss Conrad.....	
Mr. Cotton.....	"Behind the Line"
Miss Du Frain.....	"The Little French Girl"
Mr. Dyer.....	"The Gentleman From Indiana"
Mr. Evans.....	"Beau Brummel"
Mr. Freese.....	"The Invisible Man"
Miss Galster.....	"Quo Vadis"
Mr. Halteman.....	"Man for the Ages"
Miss Hartman.....	"Pal o' Mine"
Miss Haskett.....	"Friend of Caesar"
Miss Haviland.....	"Science Old and New"
Miss Herr.....	"The Real Thing"
Miss Hess.....	"Among My Books"
Miss Hielscher.....	"Two Years Before the Mast"
Mr. Legg.....	"Innocents Abroad"
Miss Lohrmann.....	"Secrets"
Miss Mellinger.....	"One of Ours"
Mr. Mumford.....	"Heart of a School Boy"
Mr. Nelson.....	"Sentimental Tommy"
Mr. Pettys.....	"Great Expectations"
Miss Saller.....	"Alice for Short"
Miss Seidler.....	"Rose and the Ring"
Miss Smith.....	"Outline of History"
Miss Stark.....	"The Little Wonder"
Miss Stewart.....	"Our Mutual Friend"
Miss Theobald.....	"Hints to Pilgrims"
Mr. Toll.....	"The Gold Bug"
Miss Turner.....	"Rose in Bloom"
Miss Veazey.....	"Girl Alive"
Mr. Waldorf.....	"Laddie"
Miss Wallace.....	"The Soul Enchanted"
Miss Way.....	"Literary Likings"
Miss Young.....	"The Woman in White"





SENIORS



A song to the oak the brave, brave oak
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown
And his ninety arms so strong.



HARRY LANGE "SPARKIE"

Football, '24; Basketball, '23, '24, '25; Captain, '24; Baseball, '23, '24; Mayor, City of Bloom, '25; Chief of Police, '24; Track, '24; Glee Club, '24, '25; Band, '24, '25; President Junior Class, '24; President Senior Class, '25.

"Sure as a gun."

FRANCES JIRTLE "FRAN"

Councilman, '23; Latin Club, '23; President '23; G. A. A. '22, '23; Glee Club, '24, '25; Secretary, '25; Bloom Staff, '24; Editor of Bloom, '25; Broadcaster Staff, '25; Semester High Honors, June '23; Honors June '24.

*"She's not a flower,
She's not a pearl,
She's just a jolly, all-around girl."*

WILLIS HELFRICH "BILL"

Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25; Operetta, '22; President, '25; Latin Club, '22, '23; Basketball, '23, '24, '25; Football, '24, '25; Track '23, '24, '25; Captain, '24, '25; Bloom Masque, '24, '25; President, '25; Commissioner of Public Improvements, '23, '24; City Attorney, '25; Vice President Junior Class; Vice-President of Senior Class; Semester High Honors, January '23; Semester Honors, June '23, January '24; January '25.

*"A man of learning, prudent, just
A man of courage, firm, fit for trust."*

LEORA EDWARDS

Latin Club, '23, '24, '25; President, '25; May Festival, '23, '24; Bloom Masque, '24, '25; Secretary, '25; Cafeteria, '23, '24, '25; Cashier, '24, '25; Hall Guard, '24, '25; Broadcaster Staff, '25; Faculty Editor, Bloom '25; Secretary Senior Class, '25; City Clerk, '25; Representative to Oak Park, '25; G. A. A. '25; Glee Club, '25; Semester High Honors, January, '23, January '24, June '24, January '25; Class Play, '25.

*"Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain."*

RICHARD GJERDE "DOC"

Broadcaster Staff '24, '25; Bloom Staff, '24, '25; Art Editor, '25; Treasurer, '24, '25; Glee Club, '25; Hall Guard, '24.

*"It were better to take life with serenity,
Than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion."*

MILDRED SOKOLOWSKI

G. A. A. '22, '23, '24, '25; Treasurer '24; Vice President, '25; Basketball, '22, '23, '24; Captain, '24; Baseball, '22, '23; Broadcaster Staff, '24, '25; Literary Editor, '24; Editor-in-chief, '25; Glee Club, '25; Bloom Masque, '24, '25; Vice President, '25; May Festival, '23, '24; Councilman, '24; Latin Club, '23, '24, '25; Publication Committee Chairman, '25; Semester Honors, January '23, June '23, June '24.

*"An athletic maid,
With literary shades."*

Bloom

VELIA JACOBUCCI

Glee Club '25; Library Class, '24, '25;
G. A. A., '25; Latin Club, '24, '25; Broad-
caster Staff, '24, '25; Bloom Staff, '24, '25;
Music Memory Club, '24; Semester High
Honors, June '23, January, '24, June, '24.....

*"You speak
As one who fed on poetry."*

FRED HANSEN "FREDDIE"

Football '21, '23, '24; Basketball, '21, '22,
'23, '24; Baseball, '21; Track, '24; Senior
Class Play Stage Manager, '23, '24; Bloom
Masque, '25; City Attorney, '23, '24; Bloom
Staff, '24, '25; Broadcaster Staff, '24, '25;
Hall Guard, '24; Semester High Honors Janu-
ary, '24, June, '24, January, '25.

*"To know the heart of all things was
his duty,
All things did sing to him to make
him wise."*

MARIE HARTMANN

Latin Club, '23, '24, '25; G. A. A., '24, '25;
May Festival, '23, '24; Hall Guard, '24, '25;
Library Class, '25; Semester Honors June, '24,
Semester High Honors January, '23, June,
'23, January, '24, January, '25.

"A demure and studious maiden."

ROLLAND MCKINSTRY "ROLLIE"

Hall Guard '24, '25; Chief of Police, '25;
Business Manager Bloom, '25.

*"If you want a man of his word,
Here is your man."*

ELIZABETH WEHRLEY

Beecher High School, '22, '23, '24; Orches-
tra, '25; G. A. A., '25; Councilman, '25;
Bloom Staff, '25; Semester High Honors,
January, '25.

*"Tell us—just what it's like
To be so wise."*

ELMER ALBERS

Beecher High School, '22, '23, '24; Orches-
tra, '25; Hall Guard, '25; Indoor and Out-
door Track, '25; Glee Club, '25.

*"I'm sorta bashful
But just let me get started."*





BEATRICE KILBOURNE "BEA"

Latin Club, '22; Music Memory Club, '23;
May Festival, '23; Glee Club, '25; Assistant
Editor of Bloom, '25.

*"Quiet and unassuming,
But always on the job."*

RINALDO IGNELZI

Baseball, '23, '25; Track, '24, '25; Semester
Honors, January '25.

*"The shallow murmur,
But the deep are silent."*

HELEN MCKINSTRY

G. A. A. '23, '24, '25; Glee Club, '25; Bloom
Masque, '25; May Festival, '23 '24; Broad-
caster Staff, '25.

*"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone."*

MABEL McLAIN "MIBBS"

Basketball, '22 '23; Baseball '22.

"Bright was her face with smiles."

WILLIAM VOHS "DROOP"

Football, '23, '24; Basketball, '23, '24, '25;
Semester Honors, January '22.

"Studying does not take all his time."

KATHRYN STROPE "STROPE"

Basketball, '22, '23, '24, '25; Captain, '22;
Baseball, '22, '23; May Festival, '23, '24;
G. A. A. '22, '23, '24 '25; Secretary, '24;
President, '25; Councilman, '23; Broadcaster
Staff, '25; Bloom Staff, '24, '25; Glee Club '25.

*"She's fair enough to be pretty,
With a smile that isn't a grin;
She's athletic and she's witty,
That Strobe — our Kathryn."*

Bloom

MILDRED ARKENBERG

Latin Club, '23, '24, '25; Vice President, '25; G. A. A., '25; May Festival, '23; Council, '24; Hall Guard, '24, '25; Pageant of Progress, '24; Semester Honors, June, '23, January, '24, January, '25.

*"Her hair was not more sunny than
her heart,
Though like a natural golden coronet."*

FRANCES HOFFMAN

Latin Club, '23, '24; May Festival, '24; Semester Honors, January, '23, June, '23, Semester High Honors, June, '24.

"Simple, sagacious, mild, yet resolute."

EDWARD CLARK, JR. "EDDIE"

Basketball, '24, '25; Glee Club, '25; Bloom Masque, '25; Band, '23, '24; Broadcaster Staff, '24; Advertising Manager, '25; Assistant Business Manager on Bloom Staff, '25; City of Bloom Social Committee, '25; Semester Honors, January, '25; Class Play, '25.

*"Some influence more gay than ours
Hath ruled thy nature."*

DONALD COLE "DONNIE"

Baseball, '23, '24, '25; Football '24; Hall Guard, '24; Councilman, '24; Band, '24, '25; Vice President Band, '25; Glee Club, '24, '25.

"Even the greatest of men are modest."

MARGARET BISCHOFF "PEGGY"

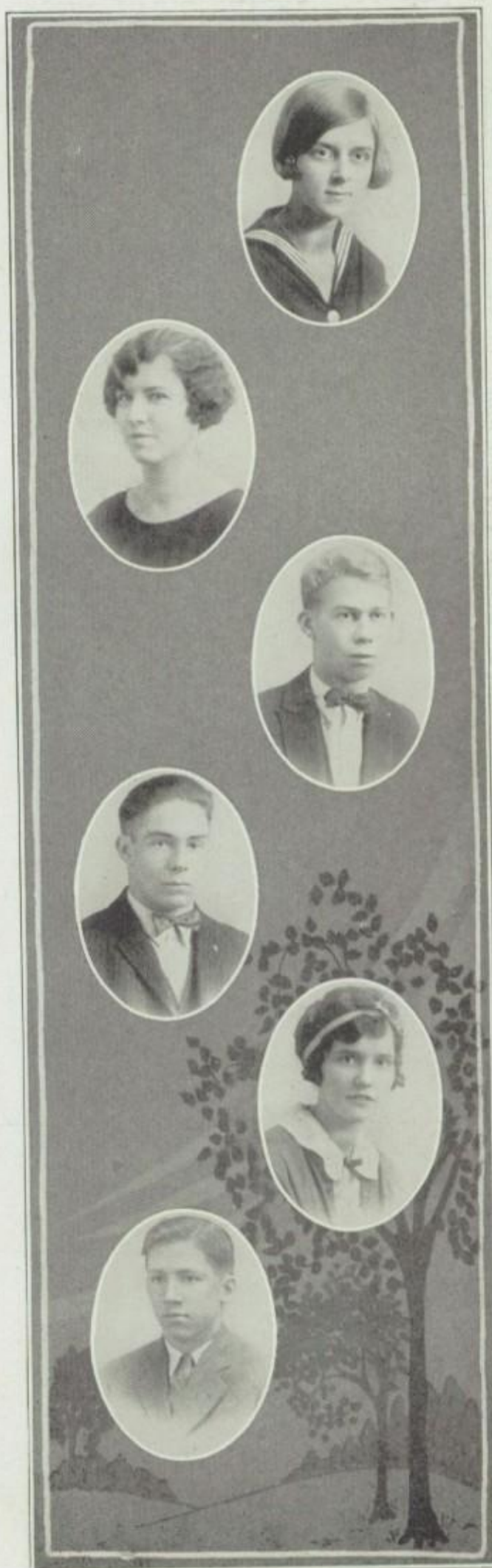
Dramatic Club, '25; Bloom Staff, '25; G. A. A., '23; Council, '23, '25; Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; Latin Club, '23; May Festival, '23; Class Play, '25.

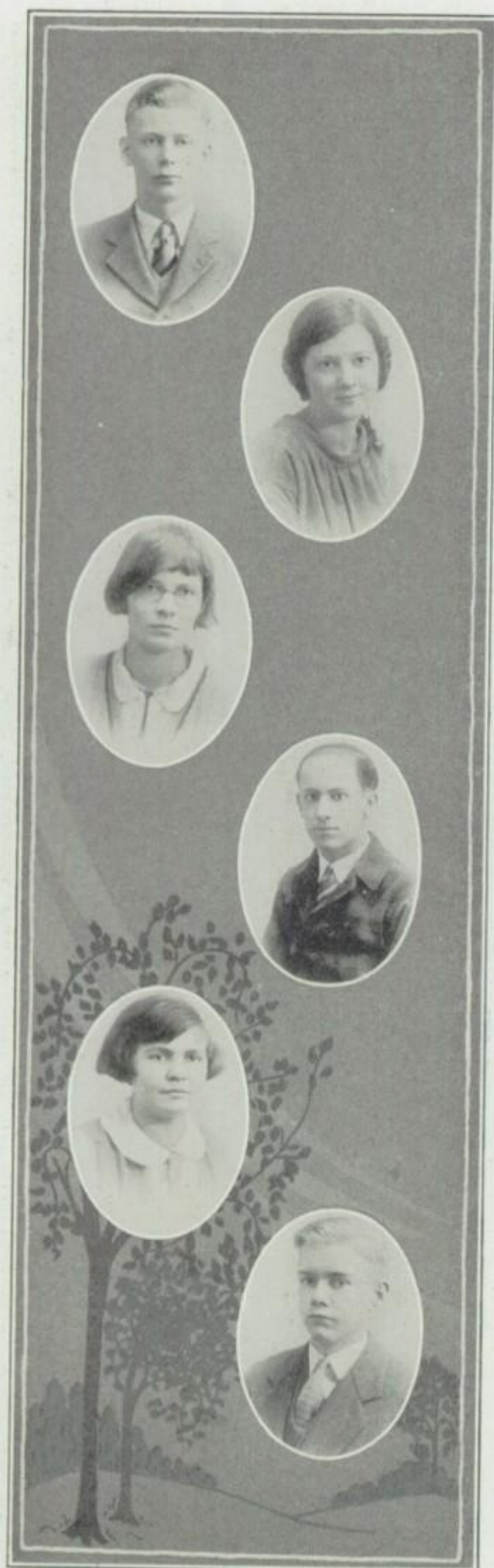
*"What is the world without its joys,
What is school without its boys?"*

WILLIAM HILDEMAN "BILLY"

Latin Club, '23; Hall Guard, '24, '25; Basketball, '23, '24; Bloom Masque, '25; Band, '23, '24, '25; Councilman, '23, '24; Class Play, '25.

*"Maybe there are finer fellows, but
we haven't seen 'em yet."*





WALTER VANCE "WALLIE"

Committee Public Improvements, '24, '25;
Drum Major, '23, '24, '25; Hall Guard, '24,
'25; Glee Club, '25; Bloom Masque, '25;
Bloom Staff, '25; Class Play, '25; Semester
Honors, June, '24.

*"A man of happy yesterdays,
And confident tomorrows."*

VELDA LAUER "RED"

May Festival, '21, '23, '24; Glee Club, '22,
'23, '24, '25; Bloom Masque, '24, '25; Latin
Club, '23, '24, '25; Secretary, '23; G. A. A.,
'23, '24, '25; Student Council, '23, '24; Bas-
ketball, '21, '22; Class Play, '25.

*"That you might do nothing but that."
"When you do dance, I wish you a wave
of the sea,"*

ALICE MILEY

Beecher High School, '22, '23, '24; G. A.
A., '25; Bloom, '25.

"A pensive, modest maiden."

RAYMOND PAULSEN "RAY"

Basketball, '22, '23, '24; Band, '23, '24;
Council, '24; Hall Guard, '24.

*"His independence adds a zest unto his
speech."*

VIOLA ORR "V"

G. A. A., '23, '24, '25; Vice President, '24,
Treasurer, '25; Basketball, '23, '24; Baseball,
'23; Tennis Girls' Champion, '24; Broad-
caster Literary Editor, '24, Originals, '25;
Music Memory Club, '24; May Festival, '23,
'24.

*"With pleasant smile and happy will,
She planned and wrought with utmost
skill."*

CHARLES DONOVAN "CHUCK"

Band, '23, '24, '25; Track, '24, '25; As-
sistant Cheer Leader, '23; Basketball, '24,
'25; Bloom Staff, '25; Broadcaster Staff, '24,
'25; Semester Honors, January, '23.

*"I'd rather laugh, a bright haired boy,
Than reign a gray-haired king."*

Bloom

ELIZABETH DAVIS "LIBBY"

Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; Bloom Masque, '25; Latin Club, '23; G. A. A., '22; Bloom Staff, Humor Editor, '25; Broadcaster Staff, '25; May Festival, '23; Semester Honors, January, '23.

*"Never ready, always late;
But she smiles, and so we wait."*

LEONARD TOWLE

Latin Club, '22, '23, '24, '25, Treasurer '22, '24, Secretary, '23.

"Buried in thought he seems."

CHARLOTTE WALLACE

Orchestra, '22, '23, '24; Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; May Festival, '23, '24; G. A. A., '24, '25; Latin Club, '23; Assembly Pianist, '25; Bloom Masque, '25; Class Play, '25; Semester Honors, January, '23.

*"She sets the music fairies 'flyin'
'round."*

BARBARA McDOWELL "BABS"

Bloom Staff, '25; Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; G. A. A., '23, '24; City Commissioner, '23; May Festival, '23, '24; Class Play, '25.

*"Oh! that more natures were like thine,
So innocently wild and free."*

ROBERT OLSON "BOBBY"

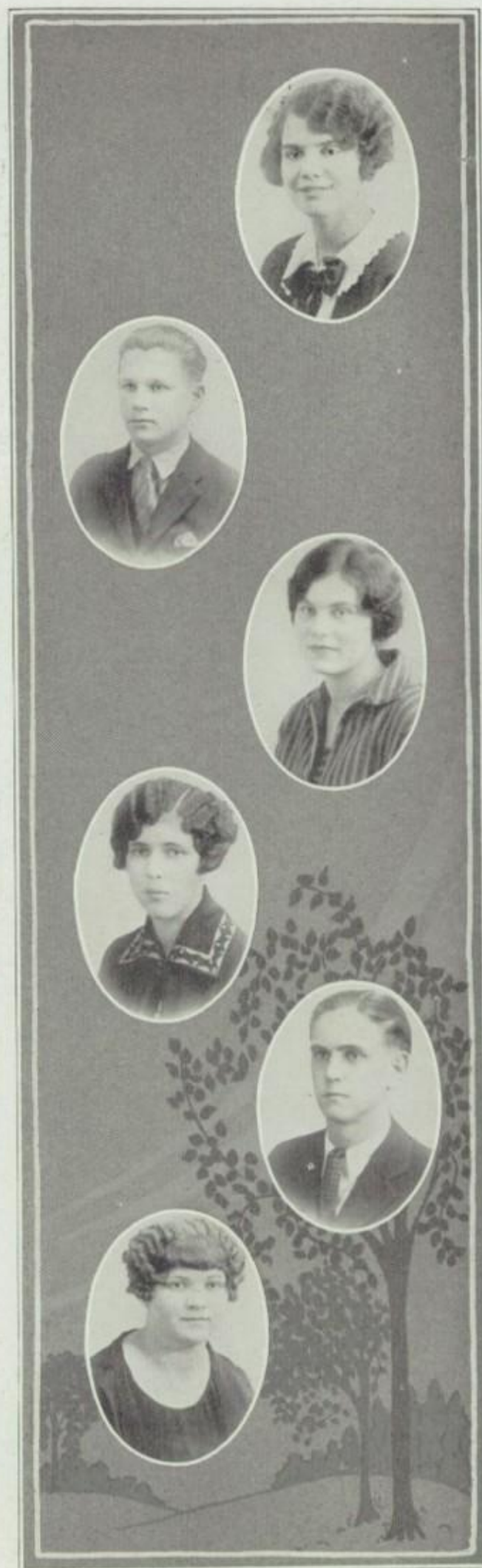
Councilman '23, '25; Social Committee, '25; Glee Club, '25; Bloom Masque, '25; Basketball, '23, '24, '25, Captain, '25; Band, '24, '25, President, '25; Hall Guard, '24, '25; Class Play, '25.

*"He was admired for his modest grace,
And comeliness of figure and of grace."*

ROSAMOND REIS "ROSIE"

Basketball, '22, '23, '24, '25; Baseball, '23; G. A. A., '22, '23, '24, '25; May Festival, '23, '24; Underwood Award, '24, '25.

*"She has no trouble of coming woes,
As troubles comes, so trouble goes."*





AGNES FELT

Orchestra, '22, '23, '24, '25; May Festival, '23; Latin Club, '23; Semester Honors, January, '23, January, '24, January, '25.

"What she undertook, she did."

RAYMOND AINSCOUGH "BUS"

Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, Secretary, '25; Operetta, '22; Orchestra, '23, '24 Treasurer, '25; Hall Guard, '24; Bloom Masque, '24, '25; Semester Honors, January, '25; City Treasurer, '23, '25.

"The man who loves and laughs is sure to do well."

ELEANOR BAILEY "EL"

Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25; Operetta, '22.

"She was more fair than words can say."

VIRGINIA BONVOULOIR

May Festival, '23, '24; Hall Guard, '25; G. A. A., '25.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

CLIFFORD FOOTIT "CLIFF"

Bloom Staff Photographer, '23, '24, '25; Broadcaster Staff, '24, '25; Band, '24, '25; Basketball, '23; Track, '25; Alderman, '25; Hall Guard, '24, '25.

*"Men may come, and men may go,
But I kodak, kodak as I go."*

AVIS CLAMITZ

G. A. A., '23, '24, '25; Latin Club, '23, '24, '25; May Festival, '23; Broadcaster Staff, '24, Assistant Editor, '25; Bloom Staff, '25.

*"Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know."*

Bloom

MATHILDA BRISCHKE

May Festival, '24.

"A maiden of our century, yet most meek."

RALPH FELT

Bloom, '24, '25.

*"Hath he not always treasures,
Always friends—the good fellow."*

ISMA GRAVELOT

Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25; Operetta, '22; Librarian, '25; May Festival, '23, '24; G. A. A., '22, '23, '24, Secretary, '25; Hall Guard, '25; Semester Honors, January, '24.

*"It's the songs ye sing and the smiles
ye wear,
That's a makin' the sunshine every-
where."*

LILLIAN GORNSTEIN

John Marshall High School, '22, '23, '24.

*"I chatter, chatter as I go,
To one and then another."*

WILLIAM DEVAN

Football, '22, '23; Track '21, '23; Orchestra, 20, '21, '23, '24; Glee Club, '24, '25.

*"Courteous he was,
And willing to be of service."*

WILMA JURGENSON

May Festival, '23, '24; Broadcaster Staff, '25.

*"Her presence lends its warmth and
health,
To all who come before it."*





ANTOINETTE STEMBERGER

G. A. A. '22, '23, '24, '25; May Festival, '24; Library Class, '25; Hall Guard, '25; Councilman, '25.

*"Sweet and stately, and with all grace
Of womanhood."*

ARNOLD RITTER

*"If you hear someone laugh,
Turn around and look for me."*

LUCILE BURGESS

Baseball, '22, '23; Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; President, '25; G. A. A. '22, '23, '24, '25; Councilman, '24, '25; May Festival, '23, '24; Underwood and Remington Awards '24, '25; Bloom Staff, '24; Representative to Oak Park, '25. Semester Honors, '24.

*"Sometimes clever, sometimes coy,
But she never fails to please."*

DOROTHY BRODERSEN "DOT"

Basketball, '23, '24; Baseball, '22, '23; G. A. A. '22, '23, '24, '25; Latin Club '24, '25; May Festival, '23, '24; Glee Club, '25; Broadcaster Staff, '25.

*"Good natured—
To all a friend."*

HOWARD WERTH

Band, '25; Hall Guard, '25; Football, '23; Semester Honors, January, '24; January '25.

"His heart was in his work."

RUTH WELLER "TOOTS"

Baseball '22, '23; Basketball, '22, '23, '24; Captain, '23; May Festival, '23, '24; G. A. A. '22, '23, '24, '25.

"A life that moves to gracious ends."

Bloom

JUANITA ROARK

Glee Club, '24, '25; Orchestra, '22, '23, '24, '25; Secretary, '25; Cafeteria, '23; May Festival, '21, '23, '24; G. A. R., '25; Basketball, '23; Hall Guard, '25; Bloom Masque, '25; Music Memory Club, '24; Library Class, '25.

"A will to win, and win she will."

ADELBERT DOESCHER "AL"

Cafeteria, '25; Band, '21; Hall Guard, '25.

"Men of few words are the best men."

LORAIN SHANKS "MOUSY"

Basketball, '21, '22, '23, '24; Captain, '22; Baseball, '22, '23; Captain, '23; G. A. A., '22, '23, '24, '25; Councilman, '23; Latin Club, '22 May Festival, '21, '23, '24.

"No care beyond today."

MARY SKEFFINGTON "BETTY"

Arlington High, '22, '23; La Moille High School, '24; G. A. A., '25.

"Those deep and sparkling eyes."

FRED OHLENDORF

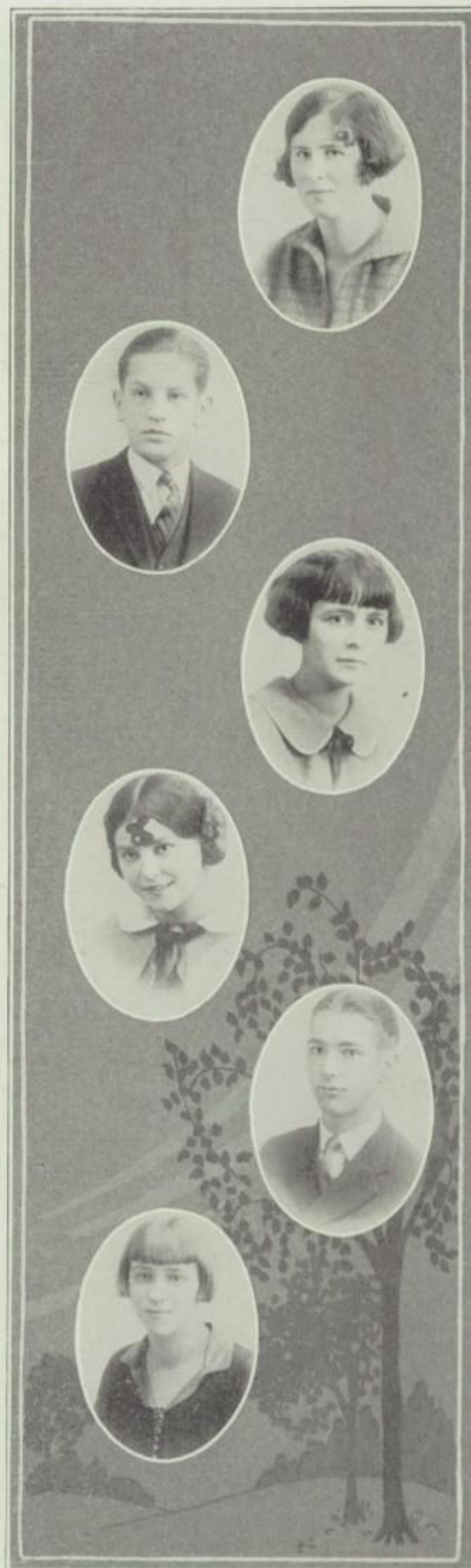
Orchestra, '23, '24, '25; Glee Club, '24, '25; Librarian, '25; Councilman, '24; City Judge, '25; Representative to Oak Park; Semester Honors, January '23, June '23, January, '24, June '24.

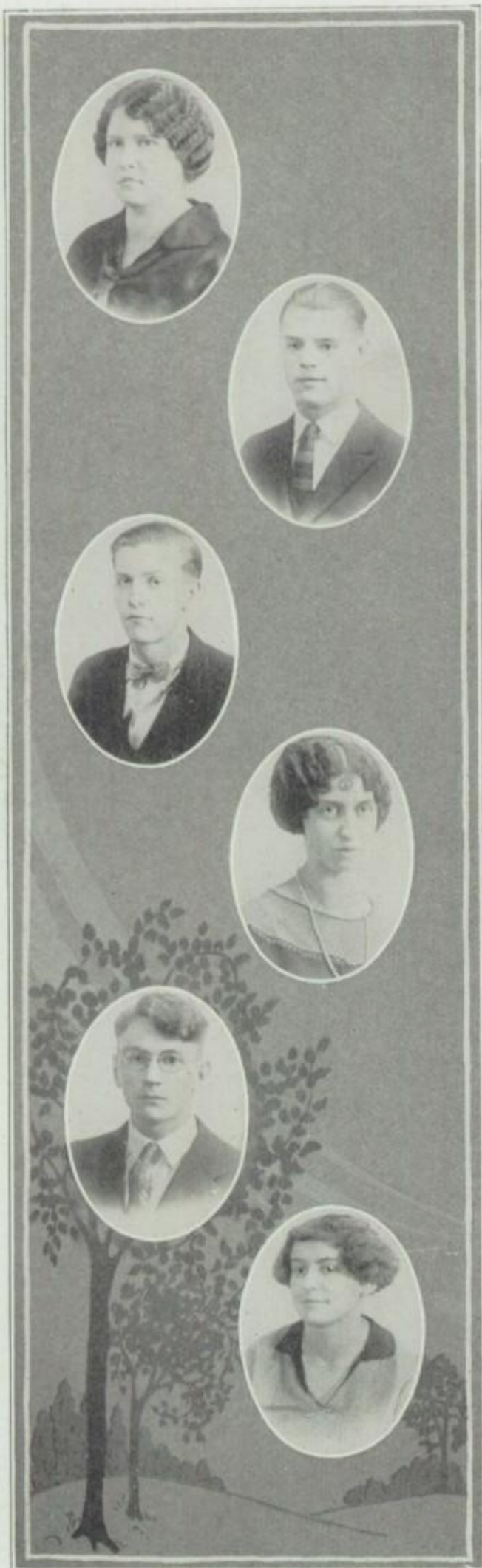
"He is the mildest manner'd man."

ELEANOR PFEIL

May Festival, '23, '24; G. A. A., '24, '25; Underwood and Remington Awards; Hall Guard, '25; Semester Honors, January, '23, June '23; January '24; June '24; January '25.

*"O'er classic volumes she will pore with joy;
And some scholastic lore often gain."*





MILDRED MERKER

Latin Club, '24, '25; Hall Guard, '24, '25.

*"Never idle a moment,
But thrifty and thoughtful of others."*

ARTHUR WECKWERT

Semester Honors, June '24; January '25.

*"He fears the wiles
Of maiden's smiles."*

DONALD BAHLMAN "DON"

Councilman, '25.

*"He lives at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he is true."*

KATHRYN THARP

May Festival, '23, '24; Latin Club, '23;
Glee Club, '25; G. A. A. '23, '24, '25; Semes-
ter Honors January '25.

*"She has a bright smile,
And she's not as quiet as she appears."*

FLETCHER PHILIPS

Orchestra, '22, '23, '24, '25; Librarian, '23,
'24; President, '25; Glee Club, '24, '25; Cheer
Leader, '24, '25; Commissioner Public Safe-
ty, '25.

*"Ready in heart
And ready in hand."*

EVELYN HESSLER "HESS"

Basketball, '22, '23, '24, '25; baseball, '22,
'23; G. A. A. '22, '23, '24, '25; May Festi-
val, '23, '24; Underwood Awards, '24, '25.

*"Glad in her heart to be rid of all wor-
ry and flurry."*

Bloom

STELLA PIOTROWSKI

Latin Club '23, '24, '25; G. A. A. '23, '24, '25; Basketball, '23, '24, '25; Captain, '23; Baseball, '22, '23; May Festival, '23, '24; Semester Honors, January, '24.

*"She speaks and acts
Just as she should."*

ANTHONY D'ANDREA

Semester Honors, January, '23, January, '25.

*"Electric, Chemic laws, and all the rest,
That can be taught, he knows."*

GUERNA MORROW

Latin Club, '23, '24; G. A. A. '22, '23, '24, '25; Basketball, '23, '24; Baseball, '24; Cafeteria, '25; May Festival, '23, '24.

"Ever ready for everything."

LOUISE VANNATTA

Orchestra, '22, '23, '24, '25; Glee Club, '24, '25; Councilman, '23; G. A. A. '24; May Festival, '23, '24; Semester Honors, January '23; June, '23; January, '24; June, '24; January, '25.

"A regular girl and the best of pals."

HUBERT LANNING

Lake View High School, '20; Baseball, '22, '23, '24; Football, '21, '23, '24; Hall Guard, '24; Councilman '24.

*"Happy am I; from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me."*

FRANCES WALLS

May Festival, '23.

"She's backward about coming forward."





GERTRUDE SONS "GERT"

Basketball, '22, '23. Captain, '22; G. A. A., '25; May Festival, '21, '23; Glee Club, '23, '24, '25; Underwood Award.

"A kindly heart with many friends."

HENRY SCOTT

Band, '23, '24, '25; Orchestra, '24, '25; Hall Guard, '24, '25; Bloom Masque, '24, '25; Broadcaster Staff, '25; Bloom Staff, '24; Class Play, '25.

*"With a three decker brain,
That could harness a team,
With a logical chain."*

BERTHA STEFAN

Cafeteria, '23.

"A modest maiden with charming simplicity."

NIRA MCKEE

G. A. A., '22, '23, '24, '25; May Festival, '23, '24; Latin Club, '22, '23, '24; Library, '25; Glee Club, '25.

*"Quiet and sincere, in all her work,
There's nothing on earth that she will shirk."*

HENRY KLAN

Track, '25.

*"Nobody's enemy, but
Everybody's friend."*

MABELLE STRATFORD

Orchestra, '21, '23, '24, '25; G. A. A., '23, '24, '25; May Festival, '21, '23, '24.

*"Always gay and happy,
With a smile that never fades."*

Bloom

NAOMI LUTHERMAN

Easton High School, '22, '23, '24; G. A. A. '25.

"A face full of meaning and earnestness."

RUTH LUTHERMAN

Easton High School, '22, '23, '24; Councilman, '25; G. A. A. '25.

"I know you are full of good nature."

SAM SHIFF

Radio Club, '22; Councilman, '23; Circulation Manager Broadcaster, '25.

*Where to find her equal,
That shall we know some day."*

ELSIE OLSON

May Festival, '23, '24; G. A. A. '25; Latin Club, '23; Councilman, '24; Semester Honors, January, '23; June, '23; January, '24.

*"A girl to do her duty, and
Where to find her equal,
'T would be very hard to tell."*

FELIX MIKSZEWICZ

Track, '24, '25; Baseball, '25.

"In maiden meditations, fancy free"

VELMA RICHEY

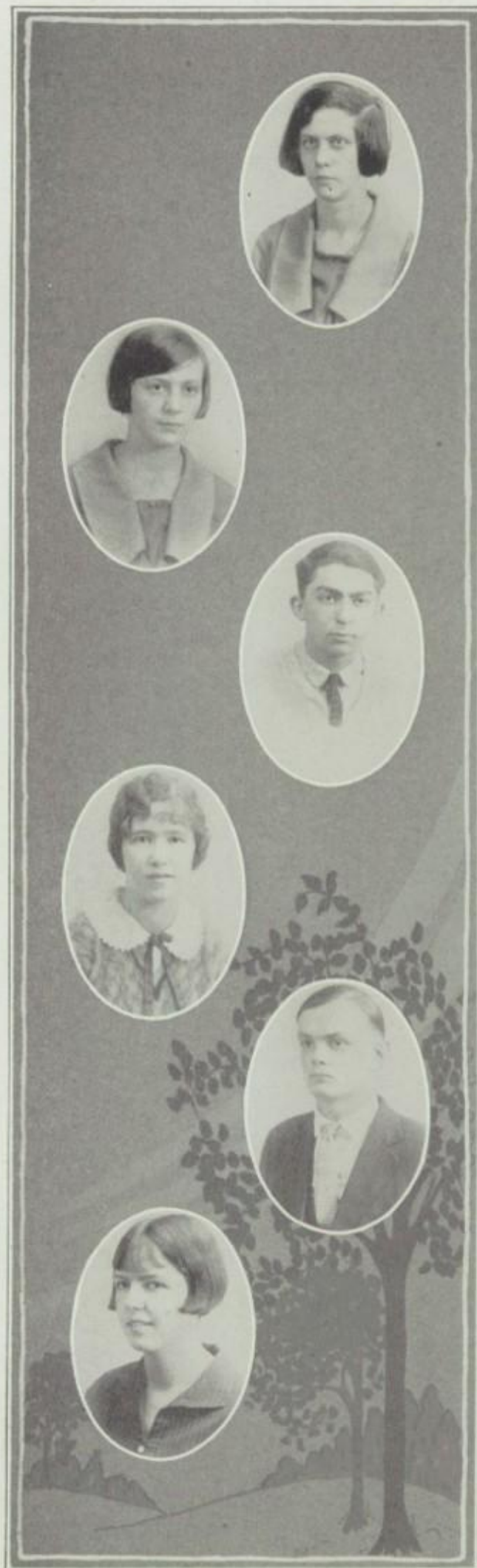
Latin Club, '23; Library Class, '25; Hall Guard, '25.

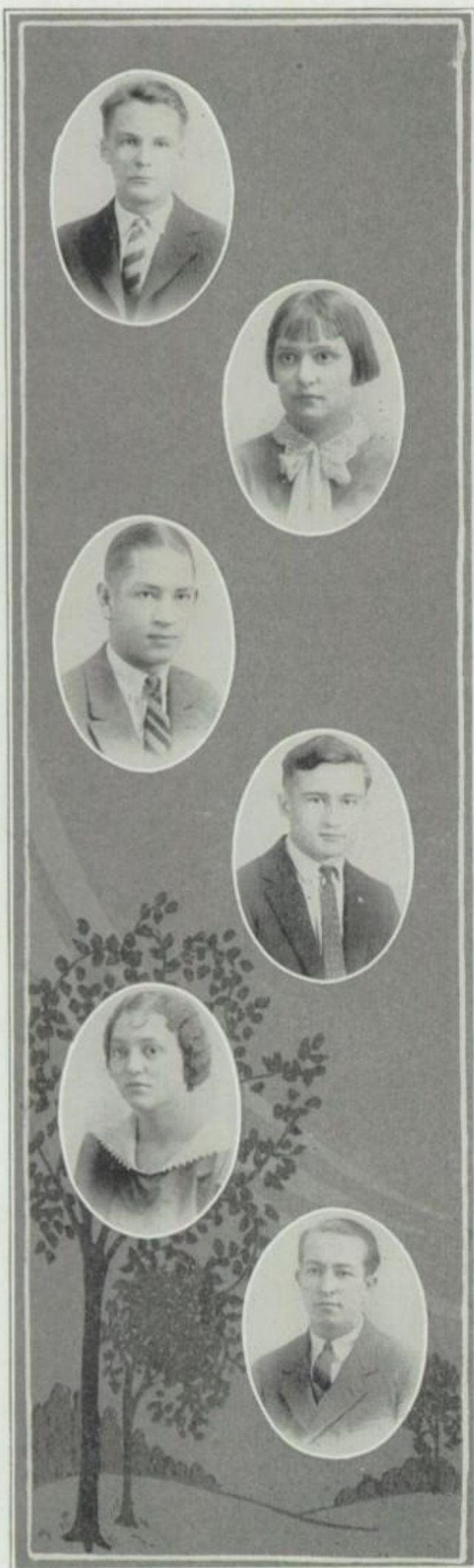
*"She looked in the mirror there,
And saw her own self, sweet and fair."*

HOWARD TOMPKINS—"Howie"

Baseball, '24; Football, '23, '24.

*"You've a voice that's all so mellow
That it cheers and warms a fellow."*





WARREN SMITH "SONNY"

Orchestra, '22, '23, '24, '25; Band, '24; Glee Club, '24, Treasurer, '25; Bloom Masque, '25; Midget Basketball, '22, '23; Basketball, '24, '25; Councilman, '25; President of Junior Class of '26; Mayor—Second Semester, '25; Tennis, '23; Hall Guard, '24.

*"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."*

MARIE CLOIDT

G. A. A., '25; Cafeteria, '24; Latin Club, '24.

*"'Tis the quiet people who are happiest,
And get most done."*

RUSSELL BLESSING

*"His voice was even and low,
His eyes were level and straight."*

PETER IAGMIN

Band, '25; Track, '24, '25; Councilman, '25; Hall Guard, '24.

"Quietness he loved, and books."

THELMA PFEIFER

*"One never hears her speak in haste,
Her tones are always gentle."*

DONALD VAN VOORHIS "DOC"

Baseball, '22; Glee Club, '22, '23, '24, '25.

"I'm not in the role of common men."

CHARLOTTE MUNDT

May Festival, '23; Underwood and Remington Awards.

"A very quiet lass."

Bloom

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1925, graduating from B. T. H. S., being in a perfect state of health, mentality, and memory, do hereby collectively, individually, and jointly make and ordain this, our last Will and Testament, in the manner and form following:

To the freshmen, we bequeath our dignity and unexcelled wisdom.

To the sophomores, we bequeath our ability for making money.

To the juniors, we bequeath the rest of our comfortable south side seats.

We, Mildred Arkenberg, Marie Hartman, Nira McKee, and Juanita Roark, leave our pull with Miss Hess to the less fortunate ones.

I, Richard Gjerde, bequeath my nine years' standing here to Jerome Spafford, and challenge him to extend the aforesaid period.

We, Margaret Bischoff, Frances Jirtle, Barbara McDowell and Elizabeth Davis, bequeath our snobbishness to Elin Wiseman, Gladys Senn and Marion Shoenberger.

We, Edward Clark and Charles Donovan, bequeath our audacity in teasing Miss Way to Kenneth Setterblade and Melvin Anderson.

I, William Vohs, bequeath my sense of direction to some member of the opposing team.

We, Beatrice Kilbourne and Wilma Jurgenson, bequeath our friendliness with Miss Stewart to Hazel Dooley and Jean Raine.

We, Fletcher Phillips, Walter Vance, Robert Olson, and Donald Cole, leave our art of syncopation to the "Freshman Agonizers."

We, Fred Ohlendorf, Arthur Weckwerth, and Russel Blessing, bequeath our mild and gentle natures to Hollis St. Aubin.

We, Charlotte Wallace and Louise Vannatta bequeath our short stature to Francilia Wilkening and Evelyn Diersen.

I, Leonard Towle, leave my studious inclinations to Howard Graham.

I, Howard Werth, leave my booming voice to Florene Pensinger.

We, Mildred Merker and Virginia Bonvouloir leave our genial disposition to Edna Rauhut.

I, Lucille Burgess, leave my free hours to Bernard Mackler.

I, Velma Richey, bequeath my sweet smile to Marcia Tessler.

I, Helen McKinstry, leave my blue eyes to Micky Baratto.

I, Bertha Stefan, leave my neatness to those otherwise inclined.

I, Antoinette Stemberger, bequeath my standing at Bloom to my little sister,

I, Stella Piotrowski, leave my interest in athletics to Dorothy Helfrick.

I, Frances Walls, leave my February exit to some one else who can make it.

I, Sam Shiff, leave my position in Bloom to some radical student.

I, William DeVan, leave my combative complex to Cornelius Lindhout.

I, Ralph Felt, leave my beaming countenance to William Mundt.

I, Howard Tompkins, leave my reputation as an athlete to all aspiring juniors.

I, Peter Iagman, leave my retiring ways to Wallace Meidell.

I, Clifford Footit, leave my love of photography to Donald Seifer.

I, Elizabeth Wehrley, bequeath my roller skates to Miss Galster.

I, Velia Jacobucci, bequeath my drag, in general, to Alice Parkler.

I, Donald Bahlman, bequeath my unconsciousness to Harry Bailey.

I, Harry Lange, bequeath my leadership to Carl Peterson.

We, Velda Lauer and Raymond Ainscough, bequeath our long existing friendship to James Gaffney and Claire McCormick.

We, Lillian Gornstein, Viola Orr, and Rosamund Reis, bequeath our advoirdupois to Mary McEldowney.



I, Warren Smith, bequeath my short, unruly hair to Hugo Lages.

I, Henry Klan, bequeath my endless flow of conversation to Gardner Abbott.

I, Rolland McKinstry, bequeath my business ability to Francis Helfrick.

We, Dorothy Brodersen, Evelyn Hessler, Mabel McClain, the Lutherman sisters, Viola Orr, Rosamond Reis, Kathryn Strobe, and Ruth Weller, members of the champion Senior Basketball team, bequeath our ability to our sister class team, the Sophomores.

We, Elsie Olson, Marie Cloidt, Thelma Pfeifer, Mathilda Brischke, bequeath our quiet ways to over-zealous under-classmen.

We, Elmer Albers and Adelbert Doesher, bequeath the entire use of the highway between Beecher and B. T. H. S. to Ferna Van Voorhis.

I, Willis Helfrick, bequeath my prominence in all activities to Leonard Helfrick.

I, Felix Mikszewicz, leave my lengthy name to Vivian Cox.

I, Leona Edwards, bequeath my lead in the Class Play to Adeline Saller.

I, Avis Clamitz, leave my extensive vocabulary to a speechless Frosh.

I, Isma Gravelot, leave my giggle to Betty Hood.

I, Alice Miley, bequeath my poetic strain to Jane Leonard.

We, Eleanor Pfeil, Frances Hoffman and Agnes Felt bequeath our studiousness to Kathleen Miller and Mildred LaNoue.

I, Renaldo Ignelzi, leave my keen interest in base-ball to Ario Long.

I, Henry Scott, bequeath my love of argument to Robert Aykens.

I, Anthony D'Andrea, leave my scientific mind to future wrestlers with science.

I, William Hildeman, leave my excess height to Edward Sheehan.

I, Fred Hansen, bequeath my skill in everything to Ethridge Keene.

I, Donald Van Voorhis, leave my failing for hanging around the girls to Donald Stohr.

I, Arnold Ritter, bequeath my capacity for making funny faces to Charles Overman.

We, Maybelle Stratford and Mary Skeffington, leave our secrets of vamp-ing to Mary Moore.

I, Mildred Sokolowski, leave the editorship of the Broadcaster to some energetic person. (Emphasis on energetic.)

I, Eleanor Bailey, leave the dimple in my chin to Horace Curtis.

I, Kathryn Tharpe, bequeath the honor of being the one engaged girl in the Senior Class to some other fast worker in the Junior Class.

I, Gertrude Sons, leave my ease of writing left-handed to Dorothy Helfrick.

I, Hubert Lanning, leave my football shoes to anyone having feet large enough to fit them.

I, Raymond Paulsen, leave my American History A's to some unhappy Junior.

I, Gurna Morrow, bequeath my speed in typewriting to Josephine Baker.



Prophecy of Class of '25

The class of '25 of Bloom
A reunion big did hold,
That there was hardly sufficient room
In the new school 'tis told.

They came from corners of the earth
Their schoolmates again to see;
Even the artist, Howard Werth
Was there, from Italy.

Each one told his story
Of that which he was doing;
Willis Helfrich, a banker, in glory,
Ralph Felt, his "War Stuff" was brewing.

Mildred Arkenberg, and Marie Hartman
Were selling choice butter and eggs;
In a tourney now bowls Frances Hoffman
She's an expert at knocking down pegs.

Barbara Mac, famed for her horsemanship
Had married an old Millionaire;
The Luthermans came on this trip,
They're still an inseparable pair.

Now Peg Bischoff and Miss Fran. Jirtle
Raise big dogs on a ranch way out west;
Bahlman plants corn on the soil fertile
He likes that kind of work quite the best.

Ray and Velda were happily married
And so was dear Kathryn Tharpe;
Donnie Cole, the U. S. mail bag carried,
Felix Mikszewicz was fishing for carp.

Henry Scott now for governor's running,
Versus our Avis Clamitz;
Eddie Clark's unconscious at Dunning
As an outcome of too many fits.

Libby Davis is living in Cuba
She eats and drinks 'neath a palm;
Henry Klan, as a priest, plays a tuba
For his technique, he uses a psalm.

Arnold Ritter's a pretty good barber
He cuts the girls' hair for a dime;
Vannattas is still Gjerde's harbor,
Now he shakes up a mean drink of lime.



Alice Miley's a teacher of history
 She chums with the li-brar-ian;
 Bertha Stefan writes stories of mystery,
 Fletcher P's still a keen football fan.

Fred Ohlendorf judges all cases
 A lawyer is Juanita Roark,
 Rol. McKinstry's a clown and makes faces,
 Lorraine Shanks, as a butcher, sells pork.

Betty Skeffington works for a printer
 Thelma Pfeifer's a dressmaker fair;
 Lucile Burgess is now quite a sprinter
 Dor'thy Broderson sells bonds on the share.

Charlotte Mundt's a designer in Paris
 Gertrude Sons' a champion at golf;
 Sammy Shiff in a show runs the "Ferris"
 Hear him call, "Pay your fare or get off."

Quite a seeress is now Gurna Morrow
 Leonard Towle is seen there oftentimes;
 She tells him his life has no sorrow—
 He's a poet and good at his rhymes.

Kathryn Strobe's the head of a Gym class,
 And in it is Miss Frances Walls;
 Harry Lange pulls your teeth out with strong gas
 Doc Voorhis each fast train now calls.

Pete Iagman is still very quiet
 Clifford Footit now makes lots of noise
 In a band where he is quite the riot;
 Charlotte Wallace still vamps all the boys.

Lou. Vannatta drives on in her orange Ford
 And delivers ice cream for her pop;
 Lilly Gornstein has married a French Lord,
 Rosy Reis is a good traffic cop.

Our Hessler's become quite a swimmer,
 A tea shop now keeps Miss Bonvouloir;
 Helen McKinstry's a clean hat-trimmer,
 El'nor Bailey gives funds to the poor.

Leora's a dean in a high school
 She tells all the girls what to do;
 Mathilda now teaches in grade-school
 And teaches a very s'lect few.

Elmer Albers is pitching for White Sox
 And for his team runs up a big score;
 Velma Richey's in bed with the small pox
 Being nursed by sweet Viola Orr.



Bloom

Russel Blessing is acting in drama
He takes the play for a run;
Billy Hildeman's way down in Guama
Learning to shoot with a gun.

Elsie Olson's now running a hatshop,
Her partner is Nira McKee;
Agnes Felt has a stand and sells good pop;
Warren Smith sails a ship on the sea.

Bill Vohs is inventing a compass
To be tied on a basketball round;
Chuckie Donovan's raising a rumpus,
He's afraid that the pole isn't sound.

Fred Hansen's an English professor
Hub Laming's way up in his class;
Arthur Weckwerth is the proud possessor
Of a wife and she sure is some lass.

A bakery is owned by Miss Merker
Bill DeVan tries collecting her bills;
Rinaldo Ignelzi is still no shirker
He's a doctor and cures all men's ills.

Walter Vance possesses a fine shop
Howie Tompkins for the World League'll rush;
Bobby Olson strives on with the Pol's hop
Marie Cloidt on a Proff has a crush!

El'nor Pfeil is a Phi Beta Kappa,
Elizabeth Wehrley's one too.
They've moved all the rest off the map-a!
We can't see how they do, what they do.

Mabelle Stratford's a dancer so famous,
And so is Miss Mabel McLain;
If we tried out their art it would lame us.
Ismo Gravelot lives out on the plain.

Quite a cook is our Stella Piotrowski,
In an inn owned by Raymond Paulsen;
On the Trib's now is Mid Sokolowski,
Beatrice Kilbourne makes cushions of Balsam.

In Crete is still living Al Doescher,
Wilma J. is a cute farmerette;
Ruth Weller's made a potatoes masher;
A typist is now Antoinette.

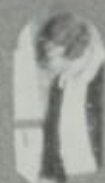




Caught



United We Stand



Senior Kid



Senior Dignity



Happy School Days



Trio



Sonny



Pals



Antoinette

JUNIORS



I too would sing for thy praising
Fair elm tree, had I
The joyous voice of the song birds
Or music of blue vaulted sky.



JUNIOR

Course It's So

*A school may have its seniors,
And its soph'mores great and small,
Its green and tiny freshmen,
Who are in the way of all;
But there's something that a high school,
Wherever you may go,
Can never, never do without:
It's juniors. Sure that's so.*

*Why, the school would be as dead as death;
There'd be no fun at all;
And the teachers,—they'd all be glum—
Just wander through the hall.
For a junior's like a color bright—
I tell you, 'cause I know.
Oh, how you'd miss us—yes, you would!
Why, you know it's so.*

*The juniors are just naturally
Happy as a bright spring bird.
They'll laugh and talk and say the funniest
Things you ever heard.
They're every bit of life that's here,
They've not a single foe!
Everyone's a jolly junior's friend!
'Fess up!—Of course it's so.*

*What'd you do if all of us—
I mean each junior chum—
Should all go way and not come back?
Oh yes, you'd miss us some.
Just think! No juniors, none at all,
To make old Bloom High go!
Where to? Oh, moving on, I mean.
You'd miss us! True, that's so.*

*Who's your friend when everything
Looks so wretched and so gray,
An' nothing seems to be quite right—
Nothing you do or say?
Think it over—over. Just think hard.
Think of all the friends you know,—
'Member?—Your junior pals.
Of course—Isn't it so?*



A Senior Meeting

(A Comedy in One Act)

BY A JUNIOR

(Enter Seniors, some smiling (with no thought of unfinished history lessons), some sleepy (vainly trying to hide wide yawns behind hands that will not cover them), some sober (evidently worrying about caps and gowns). Enter, also, Senior sponsor, the venerated Miss Stewart, class officers, and other important personages who make up the Seniors' dignified meeting.)

PRESIDENT (Willis Helfrick): "The meeting will please come to order" (tapping smartly on the desk with his pencil, and staring over the top of his glasses at Bill Hildeman, who seems unable to untangle his legs from the desk). "The secretary of the Senior class will now read the minutes of the last meeting."

SECRETARY (Leora Edwards): "The last meeting of the Senior class of 1925 was ceremoniously held in the unworthy, but of necessity, endurable precincts of Mr. Mumford's room on the ——— of ———, 1925. The Seniors discussed that difficult, practically unanswerable question of the continuation of the noble and traditional use of caps and gowns. The question was laid on the table for further consideration. The motion to adjourn was unanimously carried, and the Seniors departed with their usual Senior dignity."

PRESIDENT: "Ahem—very good—very good. Now—Oh,—Miss Davis?"

ELIZABETH DAVIS: "I move that the minutes be graciously accepted."

(Many exclamations of "I second the motion" from the honorable Seniors. Minutes accepted, other business matters, etc.)

PRESIDENT: "We have—ah—the business of settling the difficulty of deciding about—ah—our—"

WALTER VANCE: "I move that the question of caps and gowns be taken from the table."

SENIOR: "I second the motion."

PRESIDENT: "It has been moved and seconded to remove the caps and gowns from the table. Are you ready for the question?"

CLASS: "Question—question—!"

PRESIDENT: "All in favor—"

SENIOR CHORUS: "Yea! Yea!"

PRESIDENT: "Opposed—"

SENIORS (equally loud): "No! No!"

PRESIDENT: "Um! The yeas have it."

BILL HILDEMAN: "I don't see the sense of having caps and gowns, when—uh—other clothes are just as good. I think that it is—er—a waste of material and money. (Brightly): What'll we do with 'em afterwards?"

BARBARA McDOWELL (indignantly): "Why, we'll lose our prestige if we don't have them. Anyway, I like them best, and I think they're so artistic and becoming—especially the caps with our bobbed hair."

BOB OLSON: "Hold on! Bobbed hair! Do you think we want to look like monkeys because some girls (sarcastically) want to look artistic? Holy smokes!"

PRESIDENT (excitedly): "Now, now, you know—ah—we must keep up the—ah—standards of dignity. If the Senior class, and I—ah—well, I'm unprejudiced, but—ah—"

ELIZABETH DAVIS: "Really, I believe we ought to refer this to a committee of apt and able Seniors, who will consider it, and also our valuable opinions, and—ahem—I believe, judge the case accordingly. I shall be very glad to offer my services."



Bloom

EDDIE CLARK: "I think caps and gowns are the best thing in the world for me—us—er—us Seniors. Just think how we enhance our Senior dignity and position in the eyes of—er—the—a—take for example, the freshmen. (Titters and giggles from Senior girls, and snickers from the boys.) Well (with an injured air and red ears), can't we impress the other classmen with our high position? (A slight pause.) Aw, you make me tired. You don't know what you want. (Sits down hastily amid general dignified Senior laughter.)"

LUCILLE BURGESS: "I move to refer this question to a committee of apt and able Seniors, as was suggested."

SENIOR: "I second the motion."

HENRY SCOTT: "I don't see any reason why we should vote on this question now, because everyone hasn't given his opinion about the matter. I wish Miss Stewart would give her opinion about this, for I know we could come to a conclusion then."

MISS STEWART: "If you really wish my opinion on the matter, I think either way is nice. I think caps and gowns will be very becoming to you. It will seem more like a college graduation than just a high school. Yet, I would like to see the girls in pretty, fluffy, white dresses, and I think the boys look so handsome in their new suits. I really can't decide."

PEGGY BISCHOFF: "I move that we do just as Miss Stewart has said."

(Ah, those loyal Seniors—not a vote in the negative. After a brief period of informal conversation, they resume their habitual pomposity and, with a feeling of having accomplished much, go out, prepared to do good among their insignificant lower classmen.)

CURTAIN

Junior Lexicon

Typewriting—Physical training for the fingers.

Shorthand—An abbreviated method of writing English in Chinese characters.

Cooking—A course in scientific poisoning.

English 3A—An organized torture leading to brain fever if taken too seriously.

English 3B—A study of great writers who break all the rules of grammar learned in 3A.

Physics—A series of lectures on "natural phenomena" interspersed with practical problems such as: if the specific cohesion of steam is 17.77%, how many B. T. U. will be required to increase the negative acceleration of a locomotive traveling at the rate of one erg per joule, one dyne?

Modern History—A study of "our *own* times" including our contemporaries of 1643, 1672, and their deeds.

Advanced Algebra—A study of the alphabet as affected by modern heiroglyphics.

Public Speaking—A course in muscular and vocal contortions.

The Ideal Modern History Exam for the Students

1. How long was the Seven Years' War?
2. In what year was the General Peace of 1802?
3. Where was the Boston Tea Party held?
4. What two nations fought in the Franco-Prussian War?
5. In what country was the French Reign of Terror?
6. What country was divided in the Partition of Poland?
7. Was the reign of Ivan the Terrible peaceful?
8. Of what race were the Mongolian rulers of Hindustan?
9. In what country was the church of England first established?
10. What two nobles took part in the accession of William and Mary?



Bluffing—Profession or Not?

In all my years at Bloom I have noticed many cleverly-worked plans but of all these, one only stands out as supremely clever. That is bluffing, the yet unexcelled art of "getting by with it."

I have seen it used in the English class, in the history class, in the journalism class, and *sometimes* in the physics class. The place where it can be used to the greatest advantage, I have found, is in the history class. (Don't let your history teacher see this or that which is to follow.)

I have been such a bright and honest student that not until this year has the use of bluffing been impressed on my mind. I was taking the same history course as a friend of mine but at a different period. I asked him once how he bluffed when he had not read his lesson. These are his instructions: "Go into the classroom looking very studious and keep looking at your lesson as long as you have time. When the teacher says, 'Close your books,' put your book on the floor and then look wise. If a question is asked and many students respond by holding up their hands, hold your hand up, too, but not so noticeably high as the others. Then if the teacher asks a question and looks over your direction, try to get behind some tall person. After the teacher has asked a student near you, listen to his or her answer with a critical look. If luck goes against you and you are asked a question which you cannot answer, talk about something you have learned; when the teacher says you are wrong, reply, 'I got all mixed up' or 'I do not understand the question.' The teacher will then explain it sufficiently that you can almost guess the answer. This process nearly always works," says the bluffer.

Why not form the Royal Order of Bluffers so that these clever students may get the honor due them? All bluffers who are interested in such a project should organize in the classroom under the personal direction of the teacher.

—Robert Johnston, '26.



YE JUNIOR COLYUM

Signs of Spring

Sulphur and molasses—that lazy feeling—young pups—new cars—garden-
ing—tulips bursting from the ground—roller skates—young man's fancy—hatless
youths—sap from trees—sassafras tea—taking 'em off *but* putting 'em back
again.

—'26—

Do you remember way back when the Juniors were little, green Freshmen
and when they always looked at the Juniors of their Freshie days with such
big eyes, because they thought that the Juniors constituted three-fourths of
Bloom; and their one ambition was to some day be mighty Juniors?

—'26—

"If a man from a four-dimensional world should visit us, he could repair
a puncture without changing the tire and turn a rubber ball inside out without
breaking it." It seems that the fourth dimension is the happy hunting ground
of the mathematician's imagination; there are no traffic rules or speed limits.

—'26—

We notice that last year the Juniors spent all their time trying to prove
how superior they were to the Seniors at that time. Now it is our turn; but
we will not do it. It would be taking an unfair advantage of them, as they
all have their arms in slings from the grand "back-patting" contest held in the
last annual.

—'26—

"Cross-word puzzles are of no use except as a form of entertainment, and
are incomparable to geometry at that." There might be a difference of opinion.

—'26—

Ode to American History

Onward, oh, onward,
Time in your flight.
Make the bell ring
Before I recite.

—'26—

"No matter where you go, nor whatsoever you say, someone always an-
swers, 'You bet.'" An amendment is in order to strike out the word "bet"
and substitute "wager" to relieve the monotony.

—'26—

By listening in on a history class, we arrive at the following conclusion:
the first thing Columbus did on coming to America was to get out of the boat.

—'26—

FIRST VERSE

The poets sing concerning spring,
And say the bird is on the wing.

SECOND WORSE

Upon my word, that is absurd;
Because the wing is on the bird.

—'26—

"Something is wrong with my teacher; I got an 'A' on my notebook." In all
fairness, the pupil should quit studying for a day or two in order to bring his
grade down to the deserved average.

—'26—

A freshman green,
A senior gray;
Just the grass
Turned into hay.

—'26—





SOPHOMORES



Sturdy, alert and e'en tip toe,
Head high, you meet all winds that blow,-
Bluff winds, calling for latent strength,
Soft winds, thrilling thy pliant length.





On Being a Sophomore

What is a Sophomore?

A Sophomore may be either a student or a dumbbell. A student, who is classified as a Sophomore, is one who has been in school one year and has earned at least three and one-half credits. A dumbbell, who is classified as a Sophomore, is any person (and we have several, for the Sophomore class seems to be a good dumping ground) who has been in school any number of years and has by accident, hook, or crook, accumulated three and one-half credits in his favor.

Now, a Sophomore is not as prominent as a Freshman, Junior, or a Senior, because he is not as new a sensation to the school as a Freshman, and because he has not had the chance to become as popular as the upper classmen.

A Sophomore is supposed to have mastered the rudiments of Algebra and to be competent to wade through the horrible pages filled with puzzling drawings in a Geometry book, but he finds that there are a lot more bumps in this road than he thought.

He is supposed to have acquired enough knowledge in English to enable him to write at least a "D" paper and to be able to tackle "Julius Caesar" and the "American Speeches," but he finds those are just as much upside down to him as he is to a man in a ferris wheel in a cyclone. If the man falls out of the ferris wheel, his head is not much worse than a Sophomore's coming out of an English class. As a result of the Sophomore's stupidity he is compelled to remain in this class for years. That is why we have such a nice large class and so much material of different varieties to work on.

In assembly we are seated directly in line with Mr. Boyer and all his wrath descends upon us, because we are nearest to him. Lo, from the start it would seem that a Sophomore is at a great disadvantage.

But we have some advantages, too: What does a speaker say when he starts to speak? Why he says, "My good looking friends, or, "My bright faced audience," and so forth. And at whom is he looking? Why right at the Sophomores, of course. Ahem!

In athletics we are fair. Usually the Freshmen do not shine in athletics but as Sophomores we at least can be bench warmers and a few of our number can even boast of having played as regulars.

Why wasn't the majority of the light weight team made up of Sophomores?

Now considering everything a Sophomore isn't so badly abused. I think perhaps the advantages out-weight the disadvantages and I'm not sure but that I'd just as soon remain a Sophie forever.

—Wm. Donovan, '27.



Bloom

Hall of Fame

Most popular girl.....	Genevieve Stemberger
Most popular boy.....	Ario Long
Best looking girl.....	Ferne Bahlman
Best looking boy.....	Jack McGlennon
Wittiest girl.....	Marjorie Chambers
Wittiest boy.....	Wallace Meidell
Most talkative girl.....	Jean Raine
Most talkative boy.....	Cornelius Lindhout
Quietest (?) girl.....	Eileen Patterson
Quietest (?) boy.....	Frederick Ruhe
Smartest girl.....	Bernice Champene
Smartest boy.....	Eric Nelson
Most courteous girl.....	Ruth Davis
Most courteous (?) boy.....	Eugene Sauter
Most serious (?) girl.....	Genelle Leslie
Most serious (?) boy.....	Theodore Meyer

Hall of Infamy

Class infant.....	Jean Raine
Class blushee.....	Francelia Wilkening
Class blusher.....	James Zum Mallen
Most hi-minded girl.....	Evelyn Diersen
Most hi-minded boy.....	Fred Miller
Most low-minded girl.....	Edna Konow
Most low-minded boy.....	Americo Burratto
Biggest all-around girl.....	Francelia Wilkening
Biggest all-around boy.....	James Ciarlo
Most bashful (?) girl.....	Hazel Dooley
Most bashful (?) boy.....	Donald Harris
Hooky stars.....	{ James Harris William Dyer

Wextry! Wextry!

Former Bloom student wins great fame.

Elmer Kluender received recognition for breaking all world records for tying shoe strings. His rate of speed is one hundred and twenty knots per hour.

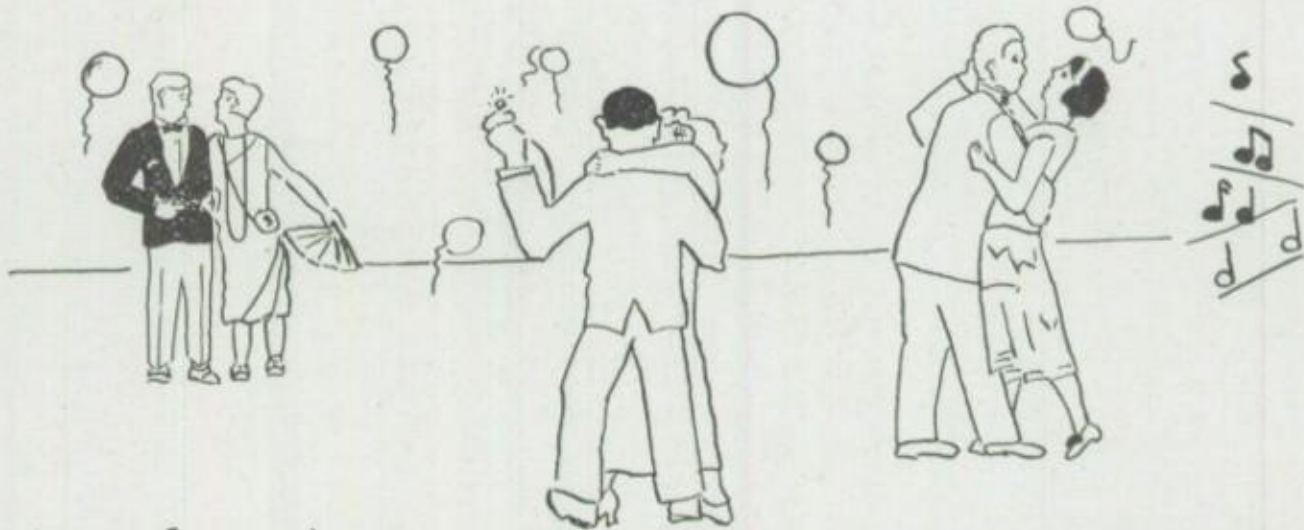
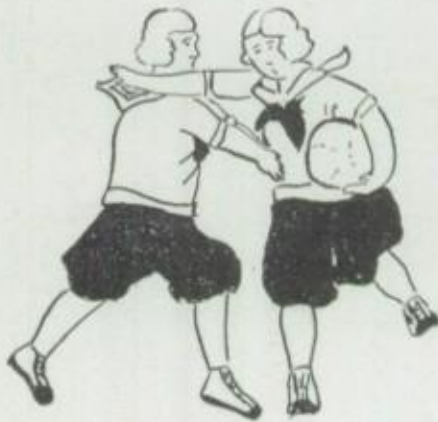
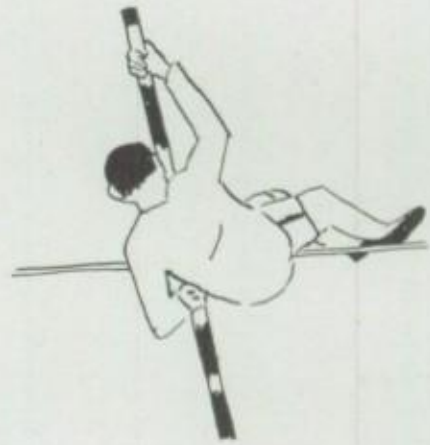
When Elmer was a student in Bloom, he showed great promise for this future while enrolled as a Sophomore. In his sixth hour English class he played the part of a good Samaritan (?) to one of the young ladies by tying her shoe string in six knots during forty-five minutes. Thereafter he bore the title of "Sir Walter Raleigh."

His former classmates will be glad to note his good fortune which sprouted so early in the life of this young hero.

—Jean Raine, '27.



Bloom's Merry Sophomores



Theodore Iwanowski

Sophomore Merits

Some snappy,
Serious,
studious,

Original,
omnipotent,
orderly,

Peppy,
polite,
pretty,

Humorous,
honest,
handsome,

Open-hearted,
obliging,
efficient,

Mighty,
musical,
moral,

Out spoken,
obedient,
optimistic,

Robust,
respectable,
loyal,

Eager,
enthusiastic,
energetic,

Saucy,
serene,
sophomores.

—*Sidney Gordon, '27.*

The Assembly At Noon

The B. T. H. S. assembly is an interesting place at noon. You may hear all the latest scandals, get a line on all romances, occasionally see Mr. Legg and Mr. Evans stroll through discussing the latest prize fight.

Nearly any day between 12:10 and 1:10, you are liable to hear something like this:

A Soph.: "And she marked down an E, so I lost my temper and—"

Freshie (innocently): "Oh, that reminds me! I lost my locker key!"
(Rushes out.)

Jean Raine (to interested group): "Oh girls, have you heard what Alfred Herr did the other day? He got an ice cream cone at Vannatta's and in about ten minutes came back with the empty cone, to thank the clerk for the *vase!*"

Ted Myers (unimpressed): "What is a four letter word meaning 'a dangerous woman?'"

Mr. Toll (strolling by): "Wife."

Eleanor Kilbourne: "Did you get your English for today, Mickey?"

Mickey B.: "Ya betcha, English ain't hard!"

Attention is directed to Harold Stelter, who is doing nothing with much vigor.

Several: "Why the blue look, boy friend?"

Harold S.: "Well, my dad asked who was out riding with me last night and I said it was some of the fellows."

Evelyn Diersen: "Well?"

Harold S.: "He said 'Ask 'em not to leave their barrettes in the car!'"

Mr. Boyer comes in in time to witness the general riot, and delivers speech No. 23, the "Hands Off" one, you know.

Bell rings.

—*Louise Walker, '27*





NAME	LICENSE NO.	CRANK	BRAKE	DESTINATION
William Dyer.....	Le' me see	German	Mr. Dyer	Farmer
Alfred Herr.....	I don't know	Track	Girls	Kankakee
Jean Raine.....	Apple sauce	Poetry	Slang	Nurses' Home
Cornelius Lindhout.....	Gee Whiz!	Chewing neckties	Miss Stewart	Paper Factory
Wallace Meidell.....	Oh for the Cri-yi!	Basketball	Ferne	Principal of Bloom
Hazel Dooley.....	Oh-ooo-oo	Fred	Lost and found	Matron, Old Men's Home
Bernice Champene.....	Ye Gods!	Nothing	Anything	Jean's Assistant
Elmer Kleunder.....	Huh?	Untying shoe strings	20 knots	Tying shoe strings
Theodore Meyer.....	Hey-t 9, 10, 11 and 12	Soph party	German	Magician
Fred Ruhe.....	Now, James	Advanced algebra	Girl	Mormon Chief
Donald Stohr.....	See?	Anything	Nothing	Professor
Genevieve Stemberger.....	Jimminy	Bill	Mamma	Movie Star
Bion Murphy.....	Hey, You!	Miss Hartman	Geometry	President of United States
William Berzofski.....	? ? ? ? ?	Basketball	Assembly Speeches	Billiard Champion
Eileen Patterson.....	Say, Honey!	Laughing	Nothing	Suffragette
Gerald Peter.....	Now, listen	Talking	Miss Hess	Orator
Margaret Brown.....	Say, Kid	Dimples	A frown	Hazel's Assistant
Ferne Bahlman.....	Lordy!	Studies	Timidity	Beauty Parlor
Americo Buratto.....	Who, me?	Mocking	Teachers	Circus



SOPHOMORE A

Autobiography of a Student of Bloom

Shivering and frightened I wavered under the powerful scrutiny of his Majesty, the Duke of Bloom. Never before had I suffered such agony as when I entered General Assembly for the first time. I would swear that everybody was watching, staring at me, alone. I finally found a seat and by the end of the period I had enough courage to take a deep breath. The announcements were Greek to me for I only heard such bits as this:—"School spirit, wrong basket, party Friday, hot dog sale, and yea, Coach." This is always the Freshie share of a speech.

Finally, after much hard work,—which when I was a Senior, I found unnecessary,—I was graduated into the Sophomore class. "Pride goes before a fall," and in the remainder of my career, I was never so proud as when I was a mighty Sophomore. The day I made my first speech in assembly will ever be remembered. I neither knew nor cared to know my classmates then. When I got up on the platform my flowery speech and wise jokes were history; blushing and tampering a few words, I fairly flew off, never to return until I received my diploma.

At the end of two years plus one more, which the teachers said was because of laziness, I entered the highly respected Junior class. Juniors are considered wise—by Juniors—and I used my wisdom to advantage which proved a disadvantage, because it ended in a conference unpleasant to my interests.

Last, but not least, I ranked a Senior, exalted above all. Traditionally Seniors are dignified; but the latest fad for a Senior was to go with a Freshie, an idea originated by Edward Clark, that famous Senior of old. Meetings, rushes, proms, and all such things as become a Senior engaged my valuable time. I had no fear of final exams; I had learned the newest and safest methods. The important day of graduation I looked upon, outwardly with coolness.

Now I belong to the large class known as Alumni. I can return to Bloom and meet Mr. Boyer's gaze calmly, go about without a hall pass, and even joke with the faculty.

—Alice Leising '27.





Gee, we're late again!



Ex Convict



A merry group



Vic



Soph. Committee



St. Pat



We're happy
"The Four Horsemen"



Caught



Studios

Trio
Do, Sol
and Me



Irish Jig



Pole Star



Spring fever



Tubby



Attention, Bros!

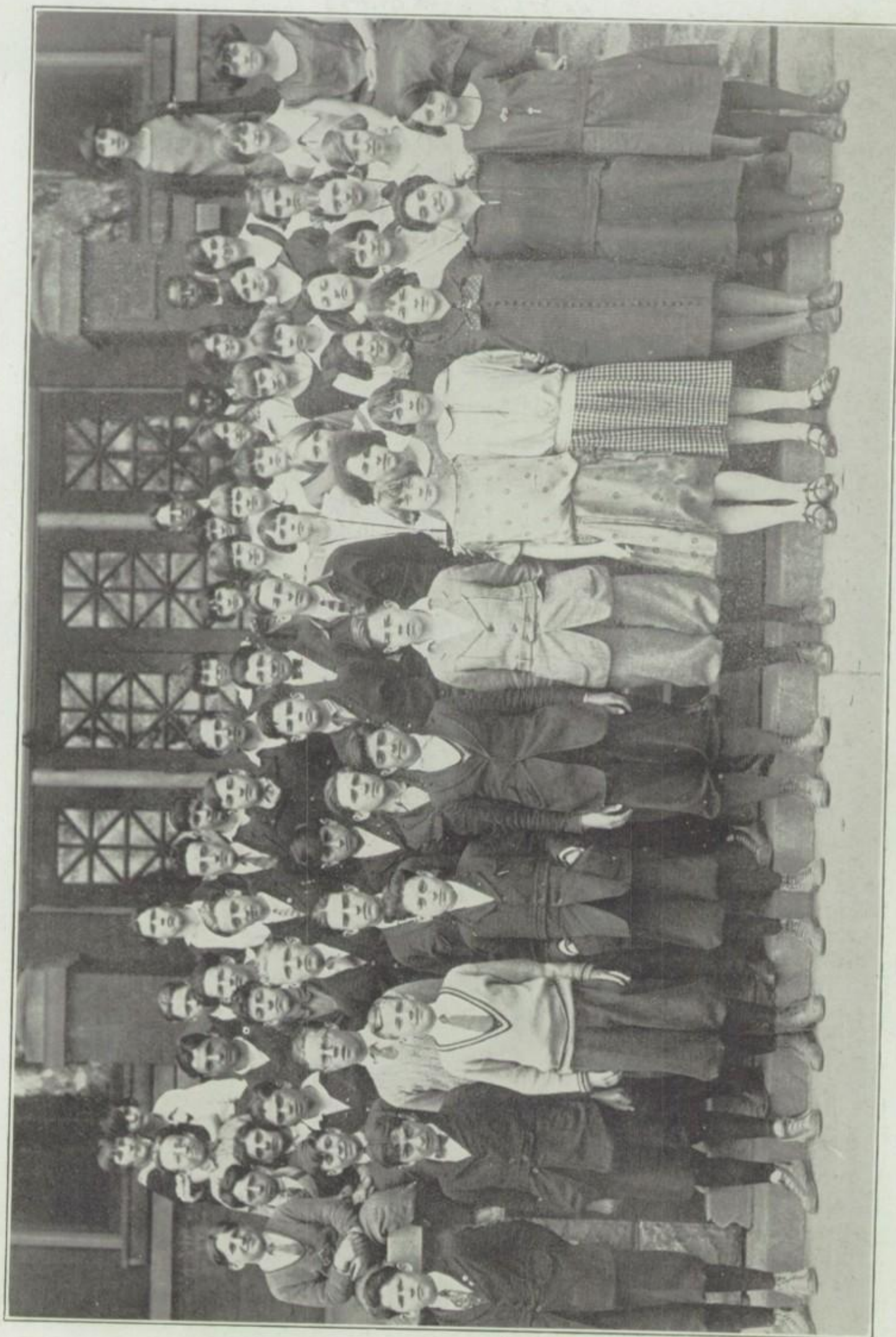
FRESHMEN



Green, slender, lithe, the sapling springs,
Fair harbinger of bigger things;
Years add their beauty, strength and power, -
Transformed, - behold a living tower.



FRESHMEN



FRESHMAN

A Jolt to Fancy

Lying before the fireplace with my dog, both lazily resting after a hard day's play, I watched the leaping flames take form and scatter. The rising tongues of flame seemed to come with the regularity of the ocean wave. The sooty brick wall of the chimney opened up to fancy's eye, the sparkling blue waves of the Spanish Main. Far across the stretch of ocean glittered the white sand of a tropic island. I seemed to be on the deck of a galleon and to be leaning over the rail, eagerly scanning the coral shore line. At my elbow stood Long John Silver, spy-glass in hand.

"Look! Yon is a cocoanut palm! Such shows on our treasure map," he said. He handed me the spy glass, and with a shout, called to the deck all the buccaneers of my story-book acquaintances. Captain Kidd, Captain Blood, Black Dog, Bill, and Johnny jostled elbows with Peg-leg Bill, Captain Flint, and all the rest.

In my excitement I sat upright and watched the small boats being lowered and rowed to shore.

"Perhaps 'tis under this stone slab," shouted Captain Blood. I looked down, and at my very feet the hearth-stone seemed insecure. I leaned over and began to pry; perhaps even here was hidden treasure. One stone came loose. Vigorously I attacked a second. A step sounded behind me. I turned to face no bloody pirate, but my astonished mother.

"Gardner, what are you doing!" she exclaimed.

"Digging for treasure," I answered rather weakly. Did she believe me? I fear she did not.

—Gardner Abbott.

A Freshman's Standard Dictionary

Bore; n. A physiology class.

Conceit; n. A state of mind quite prevalent among certain upper classmen.

Cram; v. To dig; a process of stuffing the brain, or more frequently, a notebook preparatory to an examination. See Midnight Oil.

Dance; n. A contest held frequently in the Gymnasium to stimulate business for the shoe shiners after the affair.

Fire Drill; n. A recreational period in which one may stroll leisurely down stairs and out of the building and back again discussing the day's adventure with his chum.

Football Game; n. A great squabble over one little ball.

Glee Club; n. An organization where over-excited persons may go to blow off steam and exercise their lungs.

Hall Guard; n. A person who makes marks on little pieces of paper, and is very troublesome when one has forgotten one's pencil.

Jaw; v. A method of speech especially intended for use after having lost a football game.

Lockers; n. A place to dump articles when you don't know what else to do with them. An excellent place to carry on long conversations with your friends as to why you didn't get an "A" on your last test.

Report Cards; n. A monthly species of the "joy killer" family.

Studiousness; n. A phenominal physical state; species are practically extinct.

—Mary McEldowney.



Books

*Books are everlasting friends,
Stories of the past they lend;
Thoughts of love and kindly deeds,
They do tell us as we read.*

*Stories of the thoughts of old,
And of sailors great and bold.
Customs ancient; customs new.
These we learn by reading, too.*

—Roy Schumacher.

The Coming of Spring

*Winter time has left our land,
Spring will soon be here;
Winds of March, bold wind of March
Tell us Spring is near.*

*Flowers will bloom in colors bright,
Birds will sing their songs,
Trees their budding leaves will ope;
Children play in throngs.*

—Jane Leonard.

Sister Sally

*Come into the woods with me
Little sister Sally;
Nature's beauty then we'll see
Here in this small valley.*

*Come and walk around with me
Little sister Sally;
Birds and flowers we will see
Hid in this small valley.*

*Thousand thanks to him, my dear,
Little sister Sally,
Who made the birds and plants so queer
Found in this small valley.*

—Myrtle McAllister.



A New Constellation!!

2500 A. D.

Astronomers have made a new discovery! Recently there has been noted in the sky a constellation which out-rivals any other constellation for brilliancy. It is called the Constellation of Bloom! This constellation is found in the eastern skies, only once a year at the time of the Thornton-Bloom games. At this time it illuminates the heavens with its radiance.

The following diagram shows the position and names of the brightest stars.



There are many myths concerning the origin of this constellation, but the one most widely known is the myth recorded by the Bloomites, for were they not there, and did they not see it?

This is the myth as told by the Bloomites.

One cold November day eleven whole and hearty men from the Kingdom of Bloom went to the land of Thornton to participate in the annual contest there. Diana, goddess of the moon, was smitten by the eleven, handsome men, and to show her preference for them, she wore a knot of blue and white ribbon in her hair. A thunderbolt from Zeus and the contest was on. Oh! how Bloom's men fought! Zeus eagerly watched their wonder play. He had seen many Greek contests, but this was the best. Never had he seen such courageous men. It was a victory for Bloom. Diana, at the end of the game, beside being smitten by each contestant, admired their super playing; she wished to make them immortal and this she did by placing them in the wonderful constellation of Bloom.

Those looking for this constellation will notice its gridiron shape and the brightest of the first magnitude "star" Peterson. Its distance from our planet is such that it requires 575 years for light from it to reach us.

One faintly dim star is the "star", Lustig, who according to the ancient belief, is being punished by Zeus for not being present at the assemblage of the people of Bloom, the day after the contest.

—Helen McEldowney.



Bloom

Voices

One was high, not high enough to be shrill, or disquieting, but just enough to carry the slight rebuke. It would rise, and fall as it emphasized some special point, and sometimes it would become quite sharp. It was always clear, and never grated on one's ears, and it contained some inner core, which I am unable to describe, but which would always convince without outside aid.

The other was full, mellow, rich and golden, and it seemed that whenever it was heard it carried with it the sounds of music. When it laughed, it seemed as though one heard the tinkle of silver bells, or the sounds of Japanese chimes. They both belong to my mother.

—James Worthy.

A Dog's Life

*Once there was a little dog
Who didn't have a name;
No one gave him meat to eat—
Now wasn't that a shame?*

*Since no one would give him bones
He bawled and squalled and cried;
Just to be real spiteful then
He lay right down and died.*

—Mona Degener.

What I Heard

As I sat in the peaceful solitude of the great pine woods in northern Wisconsin, near a tiny stream, there were many odd and muffled sounds. There was the soft, musical babbling of the brook, the soft pat pat and rustle of falling needles, an occasional sigh from a great pine as two branches scraped together; a thud! as a cone bounced down upon the soft pine covered moss and the shrill plaintive call of the wood pewee. But Hark! there is a muffled pat and a rustle of leaves, a scurry in the bushes as a frightened woodchuck scampers away, and out of the bushes steps a young stag with his antlers raised high. Soft is the sound of sipping water as the stag drinks, then a rustle as he disappears, and all is again as quiet as before.

—Mary McEldowney.



The Dive

I was about to make my debut in the world of divers, and was properly elated. Perched on the diving board, I speculated upon the gently moving water below, and then, at a signal from Dad, I prepared to dive. I had raised my arms, and was all ready, when a little voice inside me caused me to hesitate. Not that I was afraid; Oh, no,—but then the water did seem a long way below. I turned around and grinned at Dad. Then having gained confidence in his presence, I brought myself to the task in hand. Reaching out again and yet again, I as many times drew back. "Say, Dad, there's sis out in the boat."

"Yes, well hurry up now. I don't want to wait here all day. Just dive in. There's nothing to it. Go on."

Why, Dad, do you think I'm afraid?" Highly indignant, I turned around and with firm resolve, leaned far over the water, but, just as suddenly drew back. With a sheepish giggle I turned to Dad and said, "Say, Dad, just a minute. Listen, you say one, two, three, go!—then I'll jump."

Dad assented. "Only," he stipulated, "Don't keep me waiting any longer!" At 'one' I felt a sinking feeling. At 'two' my head pounded, and my legs felt weak. Then, 'three'. How fast he counted. Go! Summoning all my fast receding courage, I dived. As I flew through the space, my stomach turned, keeping time to the pounding of my heart.

I let out an agonized, "Dad." Then I struck water. Wild panic seized me. In a vain endeavor to catch a breath of air, I swallowed half the lake, and kicking, coughing and strangling, I came to surface and reached for the ladder. Then as I once more breathed good fresh air, pride in my deed, and a sense of superiority took hold of me.

Turning to Dad I said in a condescending voice, "That was fun. Nothing to it. Think I'll do it again."

—Myrtle McAllister.

Policeman Ben

*Ben, the policeman's on parade,
Swings his club and stalks about,
Most kids are most awful 'fraid,
'Cause he is so awful stout.*

*When he comes around, they run,
Quick, to hide in their ol' cave;
I just stand there and have fun;
Ain't I just most awful brave?*

*Ben, he chases them and shouts,
"Look out there, I am the law!"
Winks at me; you have your doubts?
Don't you see, he is my paw!*

—Mary McEldowney.



In the Wake of the News

Conducted by Petunia Perkins

Help! Help!

“If ignorance is bliss,” said a senior to a freshman, “well, then my boy, you’d better get your life insured. You’re apt to die of joy.”

The best use of a soph’s head is for a hat rack.

Solve that entrance hall problem! !

(Hall Guards)

Little things that start big wars! !

Hall Guard: “Give me your hall pass! !

Freshie: “Why?”

1st Frosh: That senior’s face would stop a clock!

3rd Frosh: Heck, no, if a clock saw her face, it would surely run!

Not so good, not so bad.

There is a degree that most any of our freshmen are qualified for and that is B. A. (Bunk artist)

Some seniors think R. S. V. P. means return silverware very promptly.

Class Census

There are 231 students in the Freshman Class: 101 girls, 125 boys, and 5 cake eaters. The whole 231 are dumb, but only 3 admit it. One-hundred chew gum, 95 buy it, 5 hook it from either upper classmen or members of the faculty. Two dance; 50 dance anyway. Three girls have Senior sheiks; 5 say they have. Four can play basketball; 201 think they can. Eight belong to the ditchers’ league; 10 ditch anyway. Fifty can eat spaghetti without strangling. I have already died in the attempt. Seventy-five flunk; the rest are friends of the teachers.

Men who have made good! !

Johnny Sappo, who took a picture of the senior class at the risk of his camera.





Dignified Freshies



Young
Snowshoes



Just Chums



Freshies' Ideal



Happy Girls



Blissful Ease



Danger



Attention



Open All Day



Bumming

ATHLETICS



Like tall cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits, tipped with cones ;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not art, but human figures lend thier lovely lines.



ANGUS L. COTTON, COACH

Respected by all, teachers and students alike, is Coach Cotton. He came to Bloom two years ago from the University of Iowa, where he was a member of their 1922 Big Ten Championship football team. During last year, his first here, he made a fine record, his heavyweight basketball team winning the district championship and tying with Waukegon for Suburban League second place honors. This year he has also done equally well. The football team was competent to meet any foe. The basketball squad bid fair to repeat the success of last year, but owing to ineligibilities, the team lost ground in the last half of the season.



E. R. NELSON, MANAGER

Mr. Nelson has for the last half dozen years been running the financial end of the teams. Under his able management, athletics has prospered, and the squads have always had good playing schedules, and an abundance of the best equipment.

As track coach, he has displayed great patience and ability in the building of a squad. Any successes of Bloom on the cinder track are directly traceable to "Snoozy."

W. O. PETTYS, ASSISTANT COACH

Mr. Pettys took up his duties last fall by assuming charge of the linemen for football. He instilled a fine spirit of fight into his proteges and was thus a great aid to Coach Cotton. With the coming indoor sports he assumed charge of the lightweight basketball squad, which developed into the best Bloom has yet produced. Spring football and tennis are now under his direction and some real stars are being developed.



Year's Review

A review of Bloom's athletic achievements of 1924-25 records no startling victories. In fact, on the surface, the teams seemed to be just a little better than the average. But upon studying the motives and the work of the athletes one found something more—an underlying spirit of determination to win for Bloom—for the 1924 boys can not be excelled in steadfastness of purpose, in clean sportsmanship, or in honest, earnest ambition to carry forward the standard of Old Bloom. Meeting with adversities in the various sports did not dampen the spirit nor weaken the energy of the teams who fought persistently until the last whistle had blown.

Coaches Cotton and Pettys opened football practice with a fine looking crew to work with, and soon had a good, smooth-working, fighting machine. But in the middle of the season things began to happen. Cox wrenched the ligaments of his spine, and thus a dependable back and good kicker was permanently lost to the team. Scholastic difficulties made ineligible several other first and second string men. But these setbacks failed to daunt the others who battled on. The fall campaign was brought to a victorious close by turning back Thornton and retaining the five year record as victors.

Basketball followed hard upon the heels of football. Both teams hit their stride at the outset and maintained it, each squad winning seven of the first eight games played. At the end of the first semester Lange and Hansen of the heavies, and Smith of the lights, were automatically barred from further competition by the eight semester rule. These losses for a time impaired the teamwork of the teams, and, of course, there were defeats. The heavies continued with vehement fighting spirit, and in the final game of the year decisively defeated the league champs.

Although really in the embryo stage, the track squad is rapidly making its way into the front rank of Bloom sports. Until a few years ago, the idea of putting forth a track team at Bloom would have been ridiculed, but now thanks to the persistent efforts of Mr. Nelson, Bloom actually has a track team which this winter gathered laurels for Bloom.

Tennis should be included in the summary, as it, too, commands the interest of many students. There is considerable tennis ability being displayed on the courts this year. This material will, no doubt, prove itself sufficient to represent the school in interscholastic contests.

The call for baseball candidates brought out a great number of aspirants, and even though most of last season's stars are missing, indications point to as successful a season as last year, if not more so.

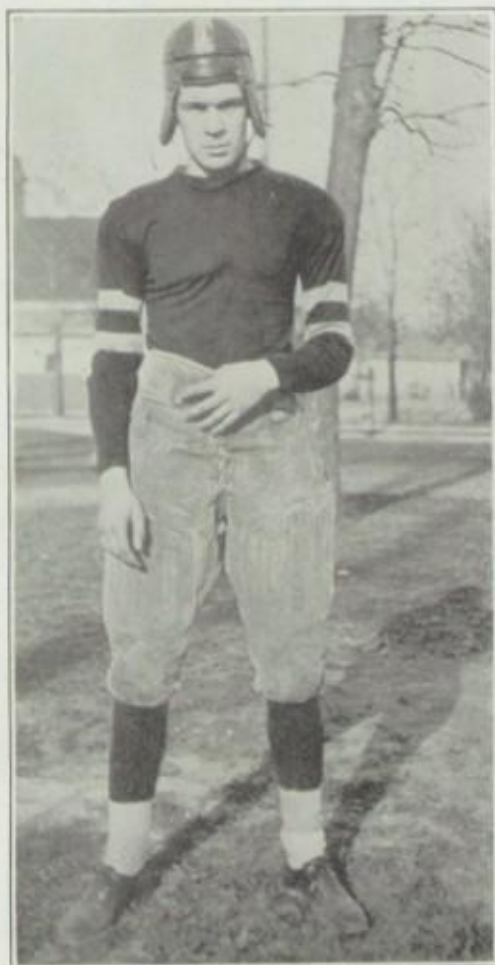




Line Up

Ethridge Keene, Captain, Guard	
Edward Lustig, Quarterback	Hubert Lanning, End
Harry Lange, End	Willis Helfrick, Center
Donald Cole, Halfback	William Berzofski, Guard
Eugene Sauter, Halfback	Howard Tompkins, Fullback
William Vohs, Center	Fred Hansen, Fullback
Loyal Hedrick, Tackle	Maxwell Lanning, End
Carl Peterson, Quarterback, Captain-Elect	





Review of Games

Immediately after the opening of school last fall, Coach Cotton issued a call for football candidates. In response a crowd of about 50 football aspirants reported to the coach's office for equipment. A large amount of new equipment had been purchased during the summer, and as a result, every lad became the possessor of a complete outfit. After a few days of learning the rudiments of football, a temporary squad was chosen, and practice was earnestly begun for the first game of the season, then only three weeks away.

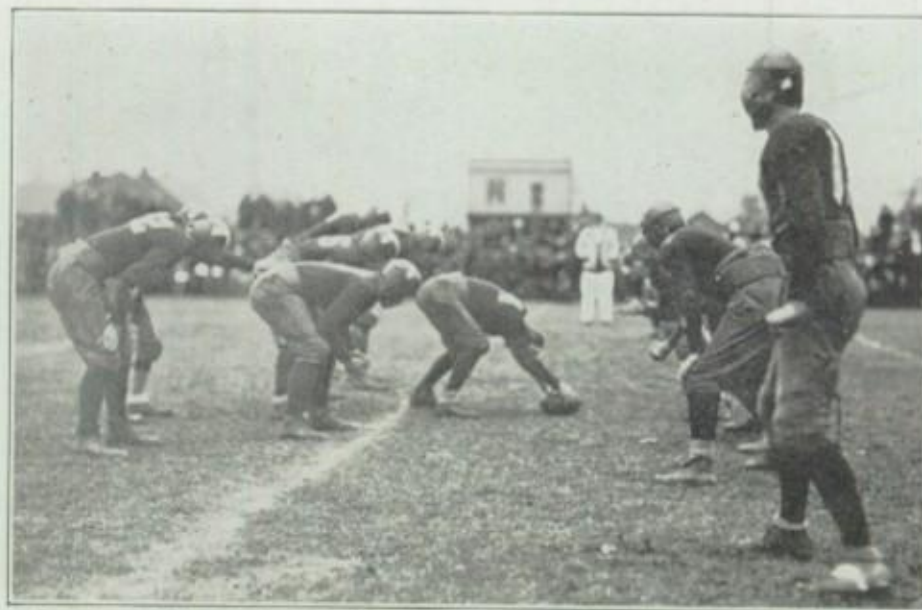
To open fittingly the year's campaign, Bloom's squad bussed over to Calumet City, where they soundly trounced Wentworth High, 30 to 0. During the fray, Sparky Lange and Fred Hansen galloped across the goal with two touchdowns each. Eddie Lustig further swelled the score with a field goal, and three points after the touchdowns.

With a week's further preparation, the Blue and White gridders tackled Rockford's husky bears and surprised that town by holding the score to 7 to 0 with Rockford on the big end.

Meeting Deerfield on the big end was no matter of rejoicing for Bloom. Owing to misplays by over-zealous Bloomites, Deerfield was able to sing a 7 to 6 victory song. Eddie Lustig sped across the line with Bloom's score.

Although the final tally, 26 to 0, belies the fact, Evanston's proteges frankly admitted that they had their toughest battle of the year in tying up Bloom.





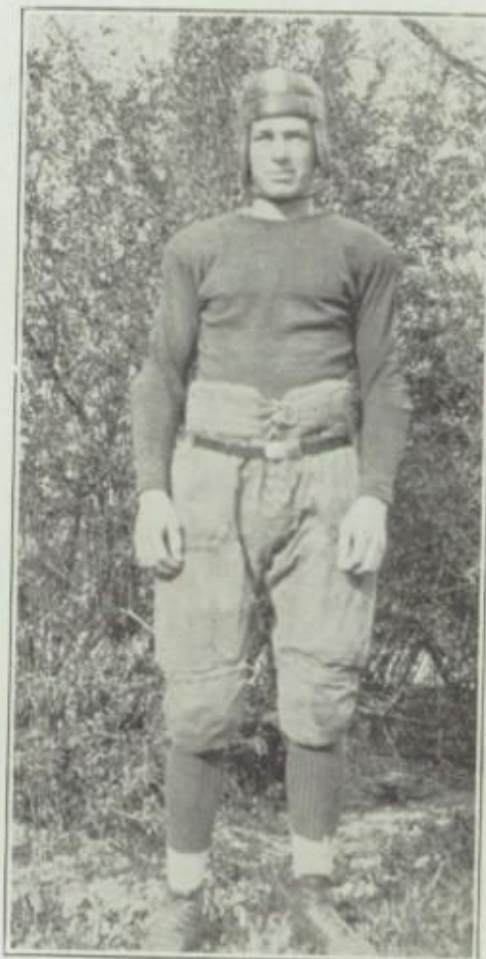
Bloom's first home game, with Morton, proved disastrous, for the home lads went down to a 17-8 defeat, owing to the efforts of Morton's "Crabtree," and errors by several Bloom lads. Max Lanning brought joy to all Bloomites by grabbing a long forward pass and racing with the aid of good interference to a touchdown.

After a week's rest Cotton's pluggers journeyed to K. K. K. where after a joyful manner they pushed through the river boys, gaining ground at will. The heroes of the day were Swede Peterson, who sped across with two touchdowns, and Fred Hansen, who charged through for a third. Lustig kicked two goals after a touchdown and generally distinguished himself.

Morgan Park's soldier boys, feeling quite confident, met Chicago Heights the following Saturday. The Blue and White warriors immediately proceeded to crumple the soldier lads and before the battle was ended had scored 16 hits to their opponent's 6. "Swede," "Eddie," and Freddie Hansen, who broke a finger in the heat of the battle, were responsible for Bloom's points. A week later, Bloom's ioyal gridders were ready for the supreme test, the Bloom-Thorn-ton game.



Bloom



This year's struggle was played at Harvey, and the afternoon of the game marked the temporary depopulation of Chicago Heights. The largest crowd that ever witnessed a Bloom game was present, while the versatile, persistent Mr. E. R. Nelson succeeded in pushing two squirming, yelling car loads of Bloom rooters to the fray. In the opening minutes of the play, Bloom rushed the ball to Thornton's 40 yard mark. Here Lustig endeared himself by booting a kick from placement, which was to be the only score of the game. Although Thornton's famous stars fought desperately they were able to get into Bloom's territory only once during the day, and then soon lost their advantage. Bloom's two injured players, "Coxie" and "Freddie," were allowed to play for a while and distinguished themselves with their excellent work. This game marked the culmination of the football careers of several Bloom athletes.





Heavyweight Basketball

Prospects for a successful season were many and evident when basketball practice commenced early in December. For the basis of his team, Coach Cotton had three of last year's regulars present: Fred Hansen, last year's all-star forward; Harry Lange, one of the best guards in the League; and Wilbur Sadler, Captain and running guard. Other promising lads from last year were Vohs, W. Helfrich, Berzofski, Peterson, and Max Lanning, while several others promised well.

With but a week's practice, Cotton's proteges stepped out and defeated Momence in the initial combat of the season. Maintaining this stride, their string was increased to three before they met and were defeated by Watseka, at Watseka. From then till the last of January the squad lost not a game. The beginning of the spring semester showed two faces missing on the playing floor, "Sparky" and "Freddie," who had passed their playing limit and were ineligible. This for a time impaired the teamwork, but the lads persevered and in the final game of the year, trounced Deerfield, Sururban League, Section B Champions.

SCORES FOR THE YEAR

		<i>Score</i>			<i>Score</i>
Momence	at Bloom	12-25	Blue Island	at Bloom	9- 7
Watsaka	at Bloom	16-18	Bloom	at La Grange	18-21
Bloom	at Momence	13- 7	Bloom	at Deerfield	13-20
Bloom	at Watsaka	7-12	Riverside	at Bloom	31-26
La Grange	at Bloom	21-26	Bloom	at Thornton	13-29
Kankakee	at Bloom	10-12	Bloom	at Riverside	7-21
Bloom	at Blue Island	13- 4	Bloom	at U. High	12-18
U. High	at Bloom	8-18	Deerfield	at Bloom	19-22
Thornton	at Bloom	15-11	Bloom	at Watsaka	3- 9
Bloom	at Kankakee	8-10			





The Reserves

Owing to the fact that there were a number of the Freshmen and Sophomore boys eager to learn and play basketball, Coach Cotton established a third school team called the "Reserves."

Several of the lads showed up so well that they were given opportunities to play in league games with the major squads. The most promising performers were Lamberty, Primavera, Marison, Graham, and Jaffey.

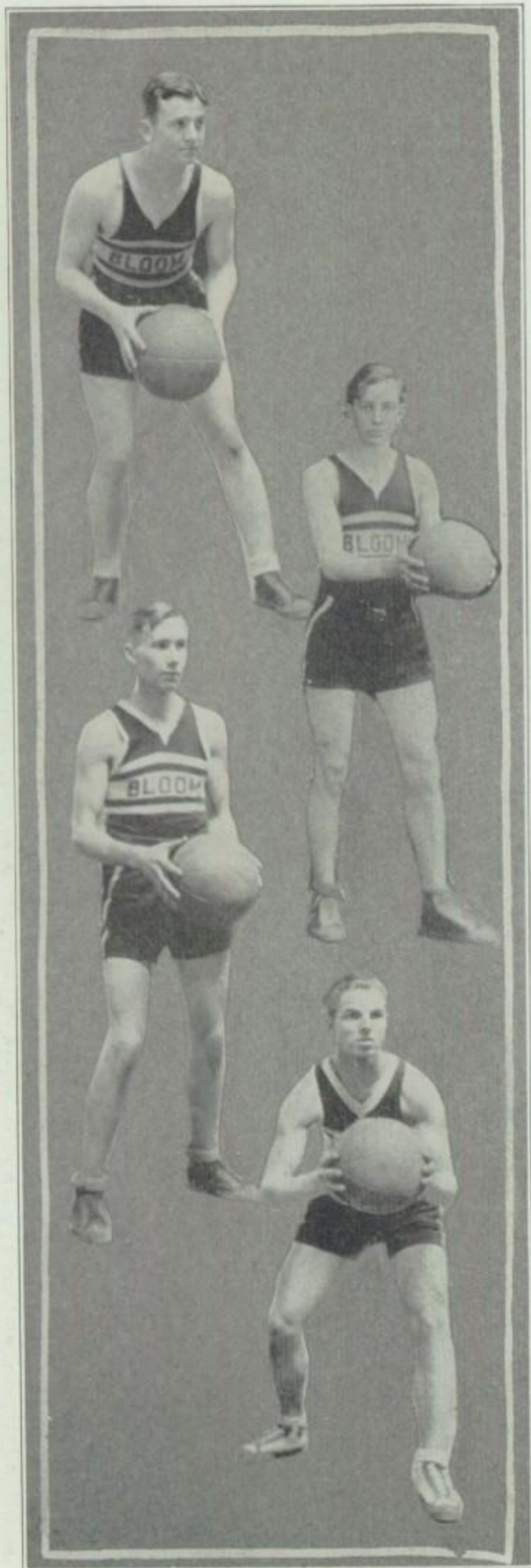
A schedule of seven games was provided for these lads and they showed their prowess by winning five of them.

Coach Cotton put this squad under the tutelage of "Fred" Hansen and "Sparky" Lange, and these two deserve credit for their good work in teaching the players a few of the rudiments of basketball.

Heavyweight Prospects

Several members of the heavyweight squad will fail to report next year. Among these are "Sparky" Lange, "Freddie" Hansen, "Droop" Vohs, and "Bill" Helfrich. A strong quintet, nevertheless, will undoubtedly be formed, for the present squad boasts several other stars, while additional material will step up from the Reserves, and perhaps from the lightweights. Excellent material for next season has been found in "Swede" Peterson, forward and captain-elect; "Max" Lanning, star back guard; Lennie Helfrich, Primavera, Don Graham, and "Swede" Marison, forwards, and Lamberty and Harry Patterson, guards. "Bill" Berzofski is a sure comer for center. These point to a successful future.





HEAVYWEIGHTS

WILBUR "WIB" SADLER (G)
Captain

Silent ones wreak the most damage. "Wib" said little but fire and action played their part in the Captain's game. His motto was "Win, but win fairly."

MAX LANNING (G)

He came like a star from the sky. He took Sparky's position and proved himself a second unsurmountable back-guard for Bloom.

WILLIAM "DROOP" VOHS (C)

Never fast, never slow; always up and on the go. A good defensive and offensive player.

WILLIAM "BOW-WOW"
BERZOFSKI (C)

Though just a sophomore, he has shown his ability as a player. He is second high scorer for the year.

Bloom

FRED HANSEN (F)

Good things don't last forever; while with the squad he scored half the team's points, getting enough to make him the season's leading scorer. An excellent defensive man.

HARRY "SPARKY" LANGE (G)

He met them as they came. Few were the opponents who could get past Sparky, the redoubtable.

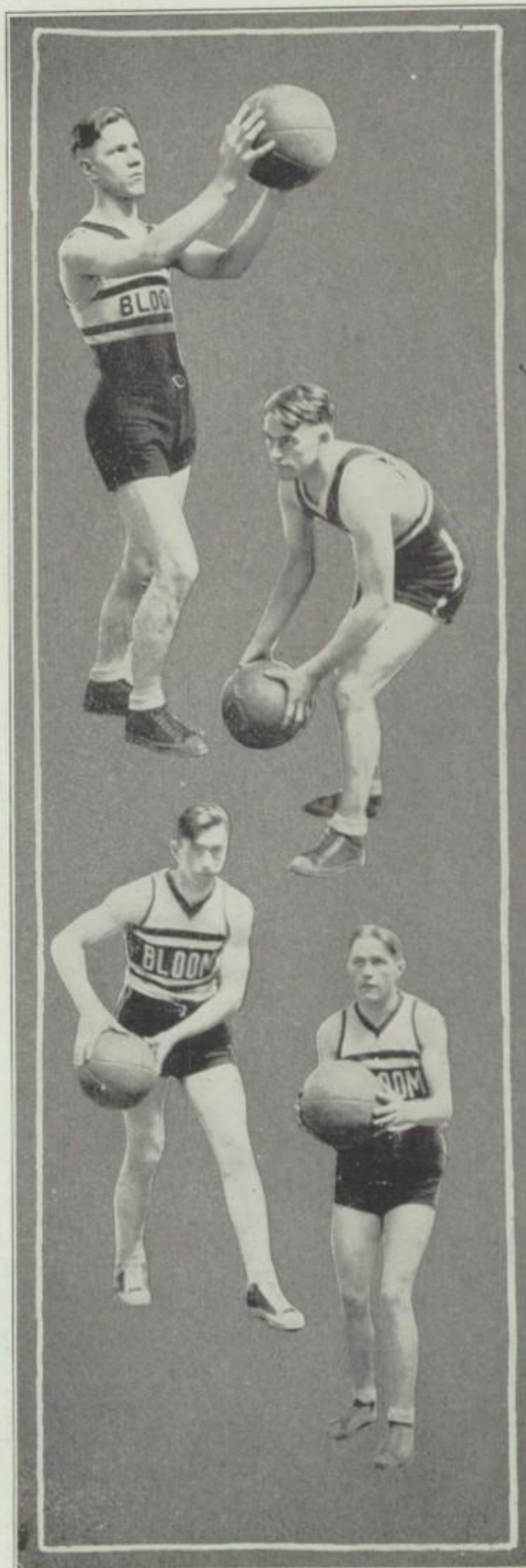
WILLIS "BILL" HELFRICH (F)

Faithfulness results in success. In this last year, he achieved his ambition to be a star player.

CARL "SWEDE" PETERSON (F)

Captain-Elect

A little man who filled a big place. He stepped into the forward post vacated by Hansen and covered himself with glory.





Lightweight Basketball

With but one veteran of last year's squad to work with, Coach Pettys was confronted with quite a problem. However, he grasped the situation, and produced one of the best lightweight squads Bloom has known. With Captain Olson as his nucleus, he built up a crack quintet, developing such stars as "Sonny" Smith, "Mammers" Pandolfi, "Bill" Ritter, "Wop" Long, and "Jimmy" Gaffney.

The squad, starting even with the major quintet, had an equally good record in the first semester's play, winning seven of its first eight games. Then "Sonny" Smith was lost to the team in mid-season because of nine semester limit and Coach Pettys was forced to find a new forward. He found an excellent one in "Mammers" Pandolfi, whose work was mainly responsible for the later victories of the squad.

SCORES FOR THE SEASON

		Score			Score
Momence	at Bloom	7-14	Blue Island	at Bloom	16-6
Watseka	at Bloom	12-13	Bloom	at Kankakee	16-17
Bloom	at Momence	17-9	Bloom	at La Grange	8-12
Bloom	at Watseka	4-6	Bloom	at Deerfield	20-25
La Grange	at Bloom	12-22	Riverside	at Bloom	15-16
Kankakee	at Bloom	11-25	Bloom	at Thornton	17-22
Bloom	at Blue Island	14-13	Bloom	at Riverside	15-24
U. High	at Bloom	12-14	Bloom	at U. High	15-34
Thornton	at Bloom	16-12	Deerfield	at Bloom	10-24



Bloom



ROBERT OLSON

Captain "Bobbie" was one of the most dependable players on the lightweight squad this past season. Under his leadership, played the scrappiest bunch of lightweights Bloom has seen for a long time. "Bobbie" was always on the job, and working for the best interests of the team.

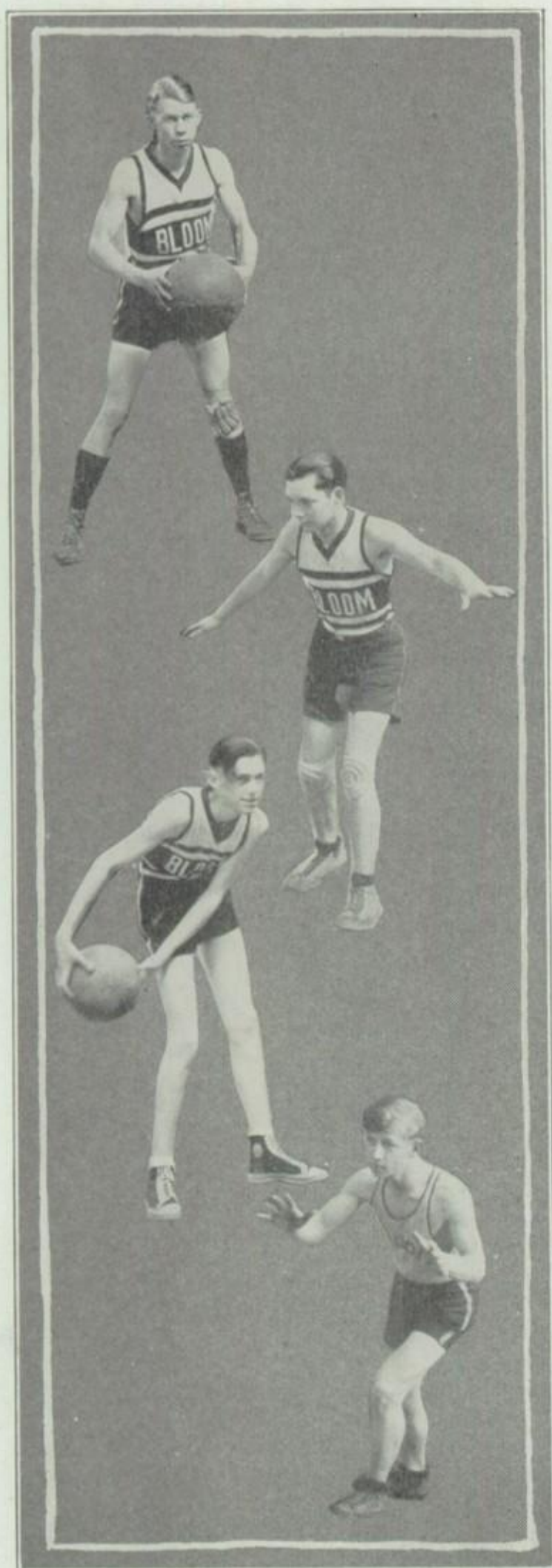
Prospects

Although Olsen and Smith will be lost to the squad next year, the outlook is exceedingly bright for a number of stars will be back then for action. There will be "Jimmy" Gaffney, running guard, who was chosen by his mates to captain the quintet next winter. And there will be "Mammers" Pandolfi, "Wop" Long, "Grizzly" Goncher, "Wallie" Meidell, and "Billie" Ritter, all of whom played exceptionally good basketball. Watch these lads step.

WARREN G. SMITH

Leading his team in scoring, as "Sonny" Smith did, is quite an achievement, especially when one considers that he played in less than half the games. His eagle eye accounted for more than a third of the games of his team while he was in the lineup.





LIGHTWEIGHTS
EDWARD "EDDIE" CLARK (F)

On the job all the time, though not the season's star, he was always where he was needed when he was needed.

JAMES "JIMMY" GAFFNEY (G)

His team mates chose him to be their leader next year. Tribute enough for anyone.

WILLIAM "BILL" RITTER (C)

He rivals the poplar in slenderness and height. No center ever tipped the ball away from him.

**FRANCIS "GRIZZLY"
 GONCHER (G)**

His white, tousled mane bobbed up where the fight was thickest. He and "Mammers" will work wonders together next year.

Bloom

ARIO "WOP" LONG

To watch him play is a remedy for the pessimist. With the vigilance of a hawk, he checked any who met him.

DONALD "DON" COLE

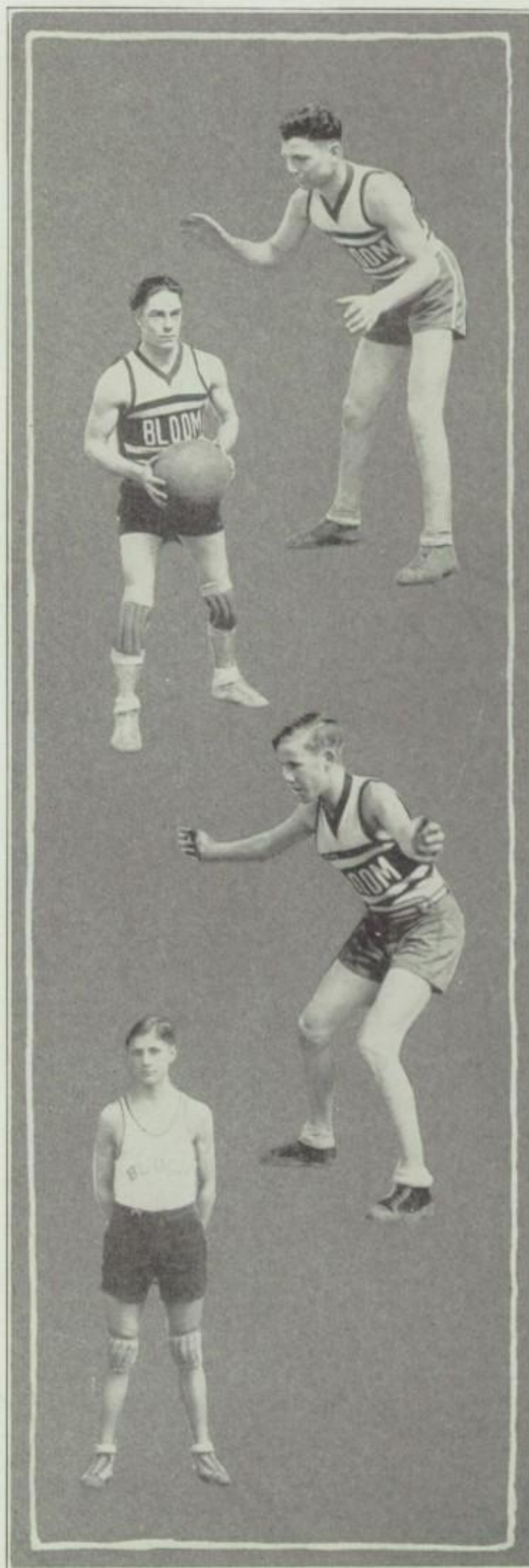
A utility man to be utilized. His speed and his accurate eye were valued by the team.

WALLACE "WALLIE" MEIDELL (C)

A coming player. He had a habit of making two fouls when he was inserted in a game, and then of making two baskets to even up matters,—very considerate of him.

DOMINIC "MAMMERS" PANDOLFI (F)

The wizard of Oz, picked by Coach Pettys to replace "Sonny," and the choice was pronounced good. "Mammer's" eagle eye won him first place among the lightweight scorers.





Baseball

In former years Bloom has had to practice and play baseball on fields rented or borrowed. Now, thanks to the school board, the school has a large baseball diamond. The diamond was not in condition to be used at the beginning of the 1925 season, and consequently Coach Cotton was forced to play on the Forest Preserve field. This did not give sufficient facilities for good practice, and as a result the team lost the first four games, one a league game. The fighting spirit of the team is shown by the fact that they carried two of these games to extra innings.

After the transfer to the new field, a great improvement in the quality of the playing was immediately noticeable. Thornton, a team which had previously won a no-hit, no-run game, was defeated by a 4 to 1 score, the Bloom batters hitting the Thornton hurler frequently. University High, the next, was shut out by Albers, who pitched Bloom to a 5 to 0 victory. Blue Island, the next victim, was defeated by a top-heavy score, Don Cole being credited with the victory.

The team, as it is now, is composed of new men mainly, only a few veterans being in uniform. Sadler is back again, playing third base and doing splendid work. Swede Peterson and Francis Goncher are quite efficient catchers, with Don Cole and Albers furnishing a very strong hurling staff. First base is taken care of in a high class manner by Rust, who is also the squad's best batsman. Second base and shortstop are handled by John Cameli and D. Long respectively. The outfield is composed of A. Long, M. Lanning, and Ehrhardt, in left, center, and right fields. All are good hitters. Coach Cotton has a good utility outfielder in R. Ignelzi, who also bats well. The team is now at the top in its section and there is no reason to believe that Bloom will not finish high in the Suburban League.





Track Team of 1925 A. D.

Shortly after the Christmas vacation Mr. Nelson, as an experiment, called for boys to come out for indoor track. To his surprise, about twenty-five boys responded, although in a few days the squad dwindled down to the "faithful sixteen."

Three indoor meets were held during the winter months in Bartlett Gym at the University of Chicago. At first, Bloom was not so good because of the lack of training. The second was the south section suburban meet, in which Bloom took third. The feature of this meet was the winning of the 660 yard run by "Nurmi" Rossell. The third and last indoor meet was the suburban league meet. No one knows who won this because of a heated argument, which could not be straightened out.

There were many obstacles to overcome in the indoor practices, namely: the boys could not start until 5:30, because the girls used the small gym; there was no place to pole vault or hurdle. These, however, were overcome.

Outdoor track followed. The first meet with Harrison Tech, a school of 3,500 pupils, was lost to Bloom by a score, 82-37. At the "Gary Relays" at Gary, Indiana, Bloom was placed against the best high school competition in the country, and not many points were piled up.

On May 2, the team went to Gary for a duel meet with Emerson High School. Emerson won, but Bloom was inconvenienced by the celebration of Boys' Day at the same time the meet was being held.

On May 8, Bloom was one of a triangular meet—Proviso, Thornton, and Bloom. On the junior section Al Herr, a Bloom boy, was the high point man. Other meets could not be reported here as the annual had gone to press.

Track is beginning to grow at Bloom and although our team was not so efficient this year, many are sophomores and so there is great promise for a good track team next year.





Tennis: Growth at Bloom

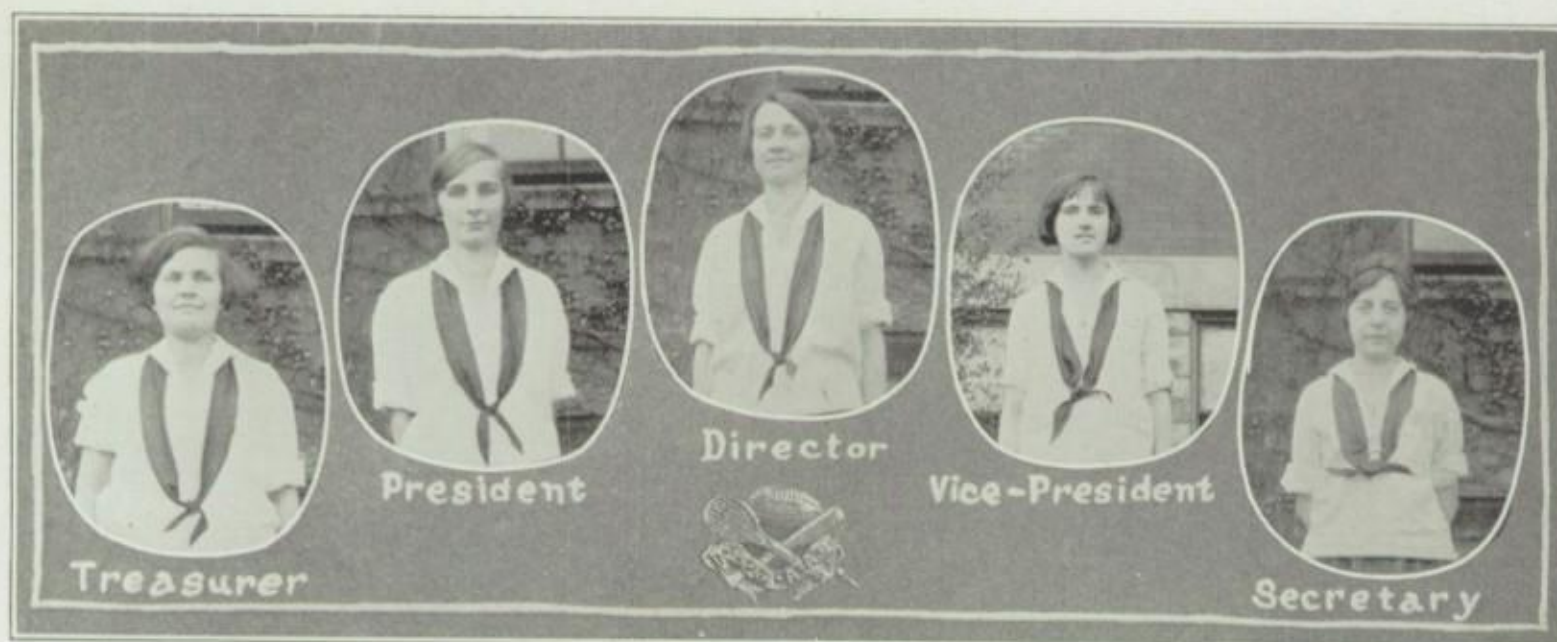
Tennis seems to be growing "livelier as the years go by" at Bloom. In fact the courts are more in demand this season than ever before. Every afternoon that is at all favorable for play, one sees students hurrying and scurrying to return the ball, over the net into the court, where the other fellow can't get it. So easy, and yet so hard.

This game is the most democratic of sports. Its fans include Freshmen and Seniors, old and young, students and faculty, men, women, boys, girls, "A" students, "E" students, short, tall, large, and small; tennis gets them all.

That Chicago Heights, as a whole, is becoming more interested in tennis is shown by the establishment of new city tennis courts, near the forest preserves. As these courts are also in continuous use, more will probably follow.

The tennis boom is on!





Girl's Athletic Association

The first chapter of the Girls' Athletic Association was written in the Bloom of 1924. The second chapter shows that the G. A. A. has been a success with four efficient officers, Kathryn Strobe, President; Mildred Sokolowski, Vice President; Isma Gravelot, Secretary; and Viola Orr, Treasurer. The association has been able to accomplish some very worthwhile things.

From a membership of one hundred and forty the association has grown to two hundred and forty. The girls early this year adopted a pin which any member who has participated in some form of athletics or physical training is permitted to wear.

A loving cup was purchased for the champion basketball team to be present to the champion basketball team of the year.

At the annual banquet held on May 7, the G. A. A. presented numerals to fifty-eight girls.

One of the social events was the Christmas party which now has become an established annual event.

The Demonstration given during Girls' Week was sponsored by the members of the G. A. A. The G. A. A. also sponsored a song contest for Girls' Week, a small prize being given for the most appropriate song for this special week.

At one of the football games the girls conducted a "hot dog" sale and thereby raised forty-five dollars to help fill the treasury.

Finally, the G. A. A., although it is only two years old, has come to stay.





Basketball

The favorite time of all the year for Bloom's girl athletes is the basketball season. Every afternoon the tripping of feet on the gym floor and the toot of the whistle proclaimed basketball practice.

One hundred and twenty-five girls from the four classes responded to the lure of the basket early in the season. After five weeks practice, Miss Veazey and the captains, elected by the girls, selected the teams. Then followed a week of strenuous practice for the teams, before the tournament opened.

This year the Seniors, true to form, won game after game. The Juniors with their reliable center and speedy forwards made the tournament interesting. With these two teams in the lead the championship game promised to be a close one. The Sophomore B team showed that the Sophomores have good material and, with more experience, they may follow the pace set by the Seniors. The Junior A and Sophomore A teams represented the classes that entered in February and made a good showing.

Freshman seems to mean "pep" when it comes to basketball, and the team this year was full of it. Amanda Zick, Jane Leonard, Sara Patton, and Ruth Davis stood out as good basketball material.

Standing of the Teams

Seniors—1st Place.
Juniors—2nd Place.
Sophomore B—3rd Place.

Freshmen—4th Place.
Sophomore A—Tie for 5th Place.
Junior A—Tie for 5th Place.





Junior A's



Junior B's



"Senior Champs"



Soph B's



Soph A's



"Freshies"



Festival time! The month of May!
Blue-birds are here so blithe and gay.



In white and gold, Greek maidens fair
Toss golden balls into the air.



In lovely hues the flowers of spring
Pictures of joy each year do bring



In powdered wigs these girls so sweet -
All stately poised on eager feet.



TULIP TIME



PLAY TIME



HERALDS



ONE RAINY DAY



FLOWER GIRL



JACK FROST AND
THE SNOW QUEEN



SPRING SONG



DAWN



SPIRIT OF SPRING



Tennis

Bloom's sports are not limited to baseball and basketball; the girls enjoy tennis quite as much as these other two sports. Every year a tennis tournament is held, when the winner receives a tennis racquet. Last year's racquet was captured by Viola Orr. Viola is an-all-around girl but tennis seems to be her favorite, for no sooner do the warm days come and the courts are put in condition than she is out here swinging her racquet. There was more competition in the tournament last year than usual for Evelyn Hessler, Alice Parkler, Evelyn Hessler, and Lorraine Shanks were all out, each trying to blast the hopes of the other; this made the tournament interesting.

Girls' Track Meet

During Girls' Week the committee planned a Track day in which the following girls won respective events.

Hurledes—1st place, Mildred Sokolowski; 2nd, Jane Leonard; 3rd, Margaret Hocking.

Standing broad jump—1st place, Aurora Pressendo, 6 ft. 9 in.; 2nd, Evelyn Hessler; 3rd, Mildred Hansen.

Running broad jump—1st place, Frances Hocking, 13 feet; 2nd, Jane Leonard; 3rd, Hazel Lossman.

High jump—1st place, Lois Erhardt, 4 feet; 2nd, Doris Erhardt; 3rd, Mildred Sokolowski.

Baseball throw—1st place, Lois Erhardt, 132 feet; 2nd, Doris Erhardt; 3rd, Mildred Sokolowski.

Basketball throw—1st place, Kathryn Strobe, 60 feet; 2nd, Evelyn Hessler; 3rd, Viola Orr.

25-yard dash—1st place, Amanda Zick, 3 seconds; 2nd, Jane Leonard; 3rd, Frances Hocking.

50-yard dash—1st place, Ruth Lutherman, 6 seconds; 2nd, Bernice Helme; 3rd, tie between Mildred Sokolowski and Evelyn Hessler.

Roller skating race—1st place, Louise Hess; 2nd, Bernice Helme; 3rd, Dorothy Boyer.

Bicycle race—1st place, Florence Felt; 2nd, Dorothy Hagemaster; 3rd, Frances Beggs.

Relay race—1st place, Seniors; 2nd place, Sophomores.

Relay teams—Seniors: Evelyn Hessler, Viola Orr, Dorothy Broderson, Kathryn Strobe. Sophomores: Irene Patterson, Genevieve Stemberger, Mildred Hansen and Frances Hocking.

Two trophies were purchased by the city of Bloom for the winners of the two tennis tournaments. The girl who wins the tournament, for her unsurpassed playing will have her name engraved on this trophy.



Demonstration of Physical Work

A demonstration of the work of the Physical Education Department did much to make Girls' Week a success. It was given under the direction of Miss Veazey, on April 23, in the gymnasium.

The demonstration showed the daily work of a girl and also the excellent training she gets while taking work in this department.

First, all girls who were to participate in the program appeared together and sang the three Girls' Week songs composed by Edith Warner and Alice Miley. This music was followed by a group of drills and games. These consisted of marching drills in calisthenics, and contests between two classes, and this added to the program, was greatly enjoyed, for the parents had not seen this sort of thing before.

The next part of the program consisted of dances, some of the dancers being gorgeously costumed. Just as the dances were enjoyed in the May Festival, so were these to the fullest extent, for they were perfectly done.

Much credit is due Miss Veazey for the excellent training given the girls; and the girls are to be congratulated on the way they carried on their work.

Program:

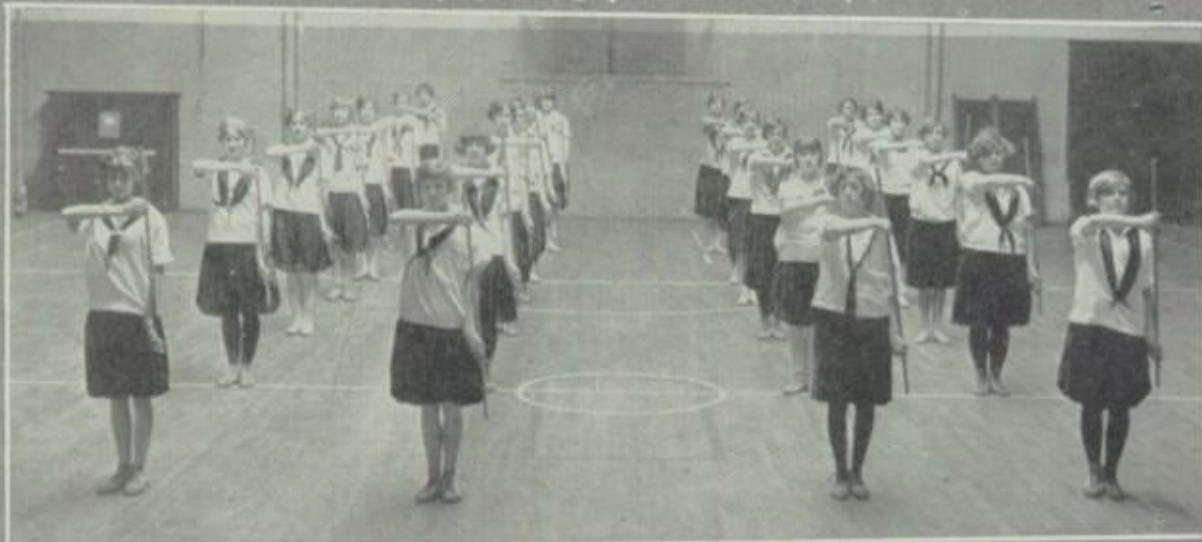
Songs of Girls' Week.....	Freshmen-Sophomores-Juniors-Seniors
Wand Drill.....	Juniors-Seniors
Dumb-bell Drill.....	Sophomores
Calisthenics.....	Freshmen
Indian Club Drill.....	Sophomores
Games.....	Freshmen A vs. Freshmen B
Marching Drill.....	Juniors-Seniors

DANCES

One Rainy Day.....	Alice Parkler-Lorraine Shanks
Siciliano.....	Sophomores
Swedish Ring Dance—Ace of Diamonds.....	Freshmen A
Valse Brillante.....	Velda Lauer
Highland Schottische.....	Freshmen
School Days.....	Bernice Helme-Mary Moore
Weaving Dance.....	Sophomores
Valsett.....	Leona Ueber
Irish Lilt.....	Sophomores
Tarentella.....	Freshmen
Grecian Ball Dance.....	Juniors-Seniors
Sassy Sue.....	Sophomores
Rose Petals.....	Juniors-Sophomores



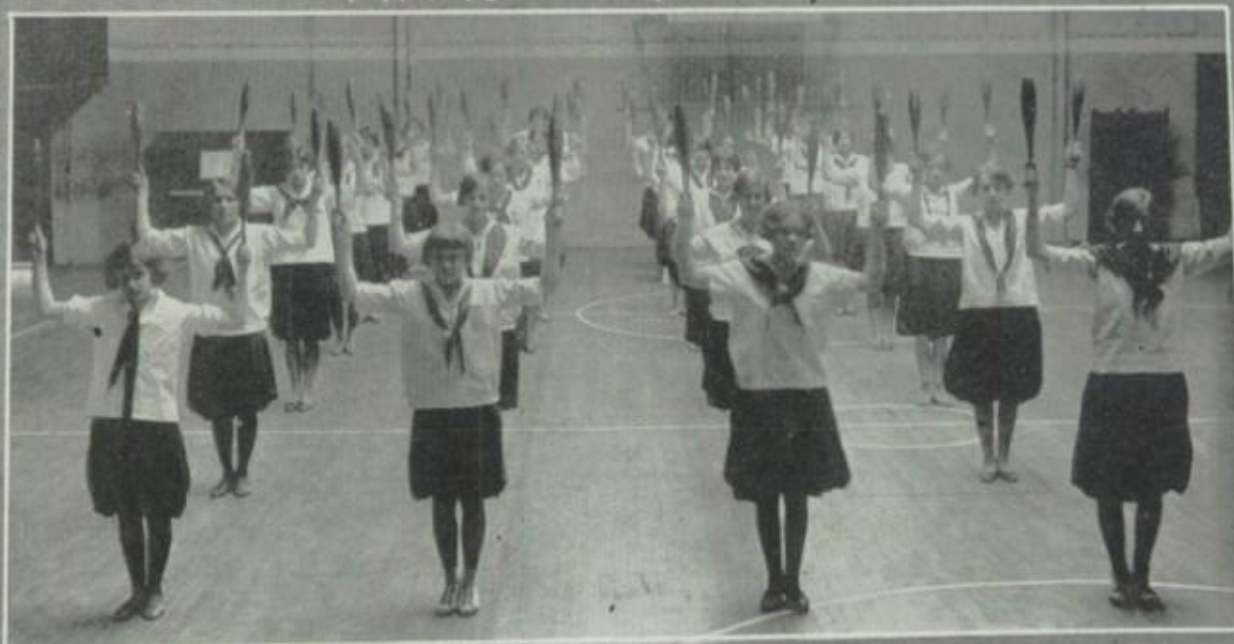
DEMONSTRATION



WAND DRILL

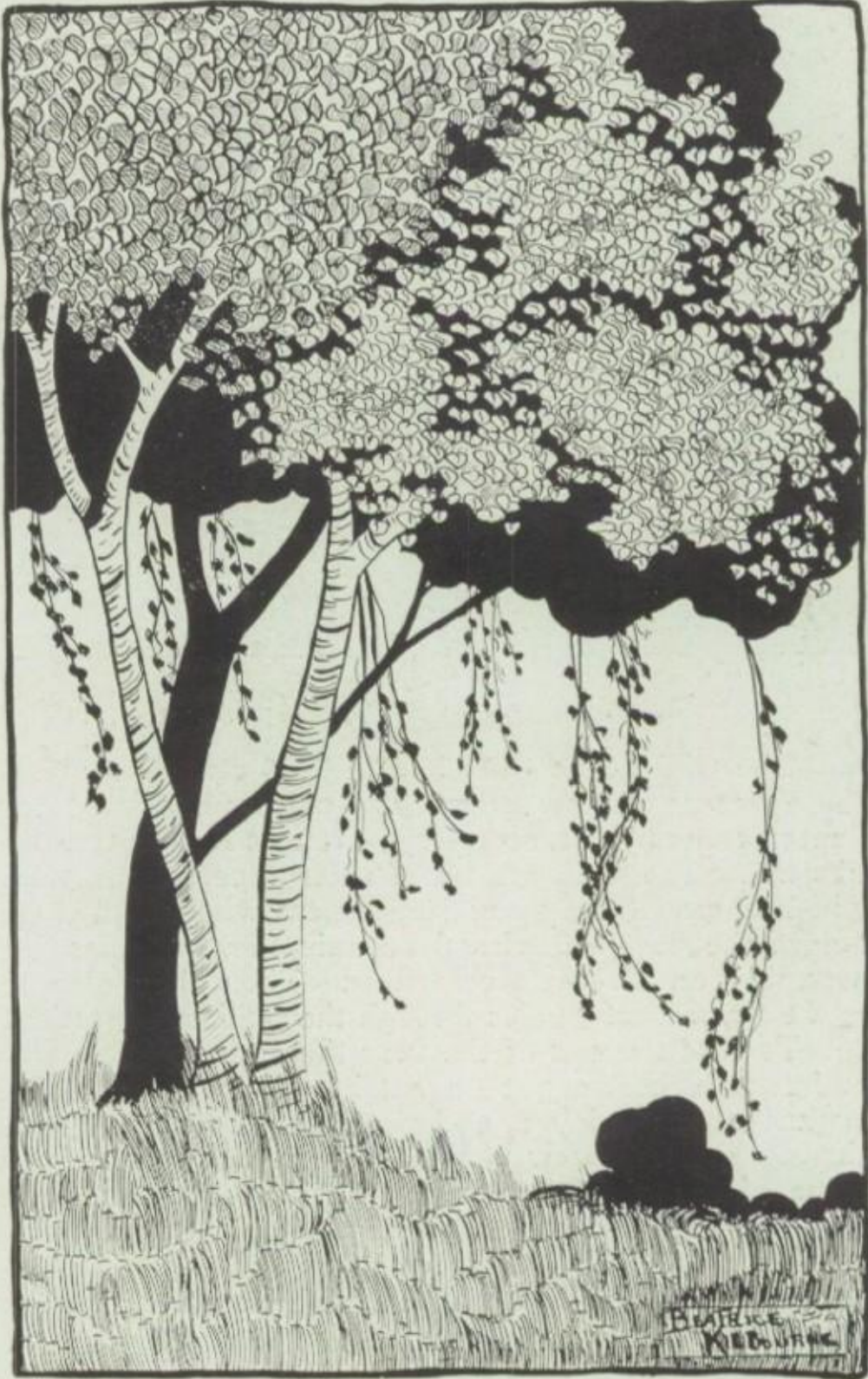


MARCHING DRILL



INDIAN CLUBS

ORGANIZATIONS



Trees are the most civil society,
healthy and beautiful; they give color to the
light and perfume to the air.



Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club had in 1924 and 25 a most successful year under the direction of Miss Bliss. The officers consisted of Lucille Burgess, president; Frances Jirtle, secretary; Frances Beggs, treasurer; and Isma Gravelot, libraian. The club added to their repertoire many delightful new songs which charmed the several audiences who heard them. The girls appeared before the parent-teachers' organization and also before the High School assembly on different occasions. Then they also lent their silver voices to the air, and sang twice through the medium of station, W. C. B. Z.

Toward the end of the year the club together with the Boys' Glee Club and the Orchestra put on a triangle party; this although small and very exclusive was enjoyed, and pronounced a huge success by those who were there. Just a few weeks before graduation, the girls one evening visited some of the girls' families and sang for their entertainment. Then as a finish to their "Carol evening," they went to the movies and were treated at Vannatta's.

The members of the Glee Club who helped make this year so successful are as follows:

First row: Mable McLain, Elizabeth Hood, Barbara McDowell, Elizabeth Davis, Frances Jirtle, Margaret Brown, Charlotte Wallace, Margaret Bischoff, Lucille Burgess, Kathryn Strobe, Isma Gravelot.

Second row: Kathleen Miller, Leora Edwards, Ferna VanVoorhis, Claire McCormick, Helen Pahnke, Ellen Hixon, Dorothy Broderson, Frances Beggs, Helen McKinstry, Nira McKee, Margaret Chambers, Naomi Clapham.

Third row: Eva Johnson, Kathryn Tharp, Edith Warner, Jean Raine, Beatrice Kilbourne, June Carson, Mildred Sokolowski, Gertrude Sons, Alberta Hammer, Juanita Roark, Caroline Carson.





Boys' Glee Club

OFFICERS

President Willis Helfrick Treasurer Warren Smith
Secretary Raymond Ainscough Librarian Fred Ohlendorf
Director Miss Flora M. Bliss

Practicing faithfully, throughout the month of September and early October, in order that they might put forth their best efforts to appear before the students, the boys of the Glee Club found this practice very helpful when they appeared to entertain, or to instill a fighting spirit into the athletes and students before a football game.

At Christmas the Boys' Glee Club participated in a unique entertainment. Cooperating with the Girls' Glee Club, they sang Christmas Carols. The singers were concealed behind the curtain; this gave the impression of distant music. During this season the boys were instrumental in getting the Illinois Glee Club to come to Bloom, since, they were on their winter concert tour.

In March, the Boys' Glee Club broadcasted from station W. C. B. Z. The program was reported to have come in fine, by fans, who sent in cards and recognition of hearing the Boys' Glee Club of Bloom.

The annual Glee Club party, April 25, proved a great social success, and a credit to the Glee Club of Bloom.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB MEMBERS AT PRESENT:

First Tenors: Arthur Collins, Wilbur Sadler, Kenneth Setterblade, Donald Van Voorhis, John Wise.

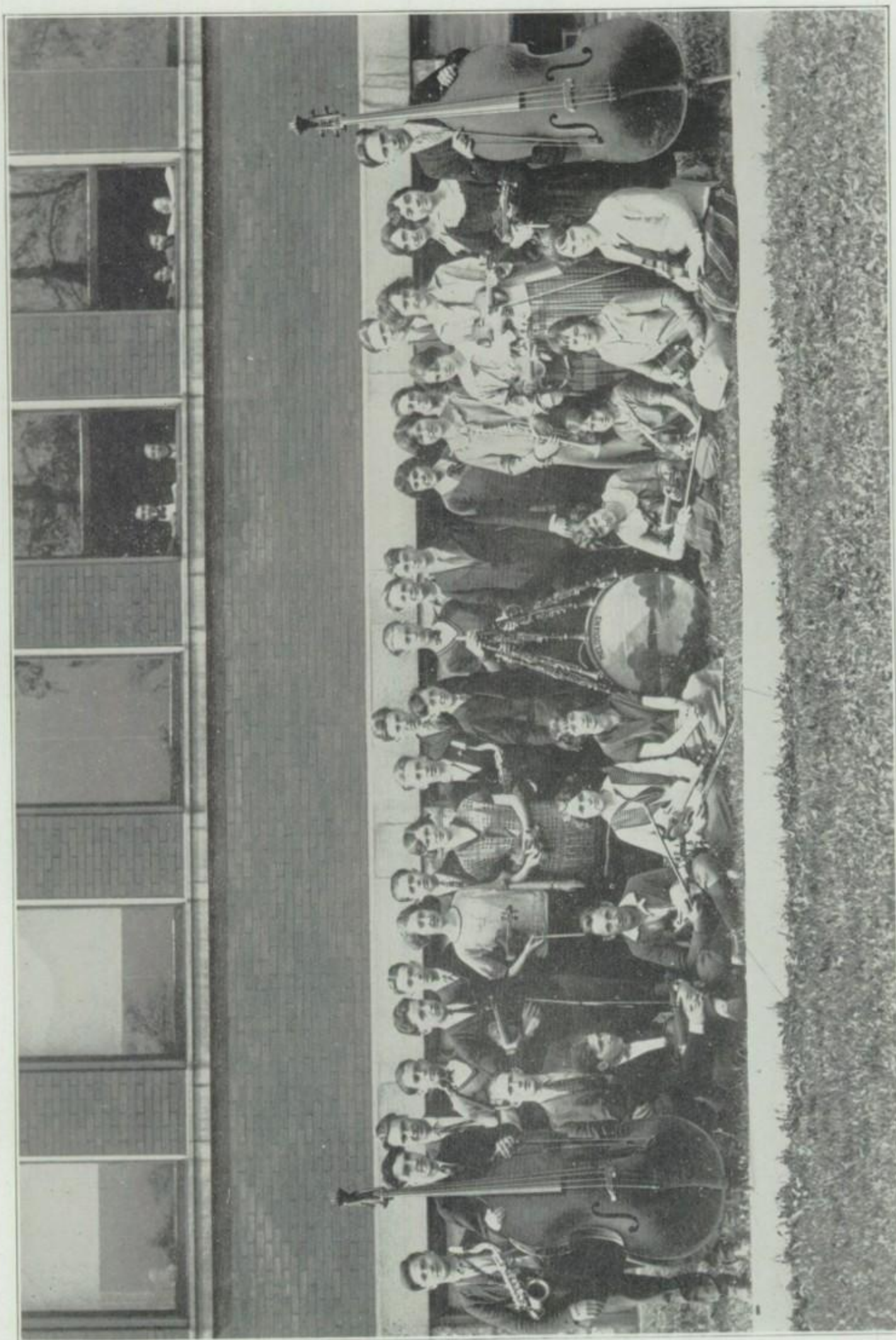
First Bases: Edwin Nelson, Robert Olson, Fletcher Phillips, Warren Smith, Edward Clark.

Second Tenors: Leonard Helfrick, Fred Ohlendorf, Carl Peterson, Paul Richy, Elmer Albers.

Second Bases: Willis Helfrick, Raymond Ainscough, Richard Gjerde, Walter Vance, Jerome Spafford.

Accompanist: Donald Cole.





ORCHESTRA

B. T. H. S. Orchestra

Bloom's orchestra has made much progress this year. In September it consisted of forty earnest workers but during the term some of these discontinued the work; this left a final membership of thirty-four.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

FRED OHLENDORF.....	<i>President</i>
KENNETH SETTERBLADE.....	<i>Manager and Librarian</i>
JUANITA ROARK.....	<i>Secretary</i>
RAYMOND AINSCOUGH.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

The club early in the year purchased some music, compositions that were standard classical numbers and also of more difficult composition than former ones; consequently much diligent practice was required. Although the public appearances of the orchestra were more infrequent than in former years, they produced a high quality when they played. The orchestra appeared in public on the several occasions:

Appearances:

Assembly, January 15

Dramatic Club Plays, February 26

Assembly, April 8

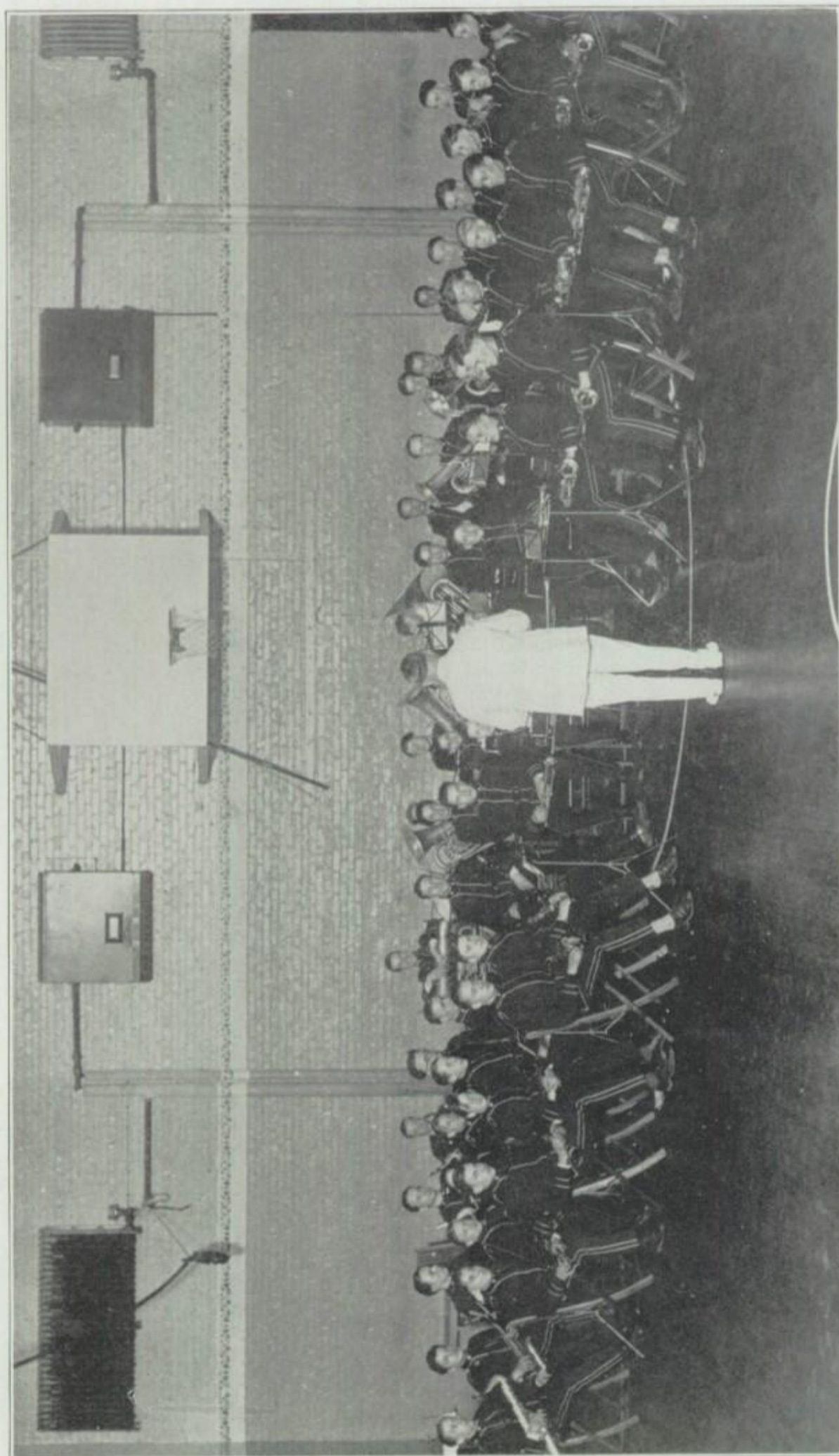
P. T. A. Meeting, April 27

Class Play, May 27

All the members have thoroughly enjoyed the work (and other things) and have realized the value derived from Miss Bliss' excellent direction. A continuance of the good work is promised for next year's members.

—E. Wehrley.





BAND

Band Members

CORNETS

Bateson, George
Cohen, Marshall
Donovan, Charles
Footit, Clifford
Goncher, Francis
Kluender, Elmer

Littell, Harold
Martin, William
McKnight, Paul
Meyer, Theodore
Osterman, Harry
Shapiro, George

Sheehan, Edward
Smith, Warren
Toll, Oscar
Johnston, Robert
Weiss, Frederick
Zum Mallen, James

CLARINETS

Cohrs, Walter
Finkel, Lester
Iagmin, Tony
McGrane, Joseph
Miller, Robert
Richey, Paul
Schofield, Carlton
Smith, Max
Soderberg, Evert
Stelter, Harold
Stelter, Harry
Thornburg, Newton

SAXOPHONES

Gordon, Sidney
Hawes, Harley
Ivanowski, George
Olson, Robert
Rehberg, Wilbur
Scott, Henry
Wallrab, Charles
Werth, Howard
Jaracz, Henry

TROMBONES

Koehler, August
Ritter, William
Seifer, Dan
St. Pierre, Harold
Stohr, Donald

BARITONES

Berzofski, William
Meidell, Harold
Nelson, Edwin

BASSES

Cole, Donald
McGlennon, Jack
St. Aubin, Hollis
Feehery, Edward

DRUMS

Irwin, Allen
Ivanowski, Theodore
Philip, George

CYMBALS

Pierson, Edward

DRUM MAJOR

Wallace, Meidell

DIRECTOR—J. Beach Cragun



Bloom's Band, 1924-25

Bloom's band of the school year 124-25 is drawing to a triumphant close in its activities, by partaking in the Boys' Week program. The band activities during Boys' Week will impress the students and townspeople so forcibly that no detailed explanation will be necessary. It is the improvements and the less noticeable but highly important other appearances that should be called to the attention of the public.

Early in the season Mr. Halteman and Mr. Cragun were confronted with a wealth of new material, some decidedly green. The big proposition was to make players of these new members in the shortest possible time. The band was therefore divided into two sections, one composed of the old members and the other of the new ones. Mr. Halteman painstakingly taught the newcomers how to play, and Mr. Cragun conducted the old band members through the intricate mazes of marches and classics. Progress was soon noted. The Band appeared at the important football games and was the rallying center for all Bloom boosters at the never-to-be-forgotten Harvey game.

When the basketball season arrived, the band appeared often in the assembly and at two or three of the games. The fellows were loyal to the call for work, and appeared regularly at the practices all winter, working toward the annual concert. Their concert, an indoor affair, proved that the members of the band could play in fine style. They played standard classics, several marches, and, as the grand climax, played one of Mr. Cragun's most intricate marches, "The Rock Islander," in finished form.

Now, in anticipation of a banner band next year, it is possible to take lessons from special teachers at school, at reduced rates. Many boys have availed themselves of this privilege; as a result, next year's band should be excellent.

In parting, the Senior members of this year's band whole-heartedly thank the instructors for their tireless work, and extend their best wishes for a bigger and better band.





Romani Hodierni

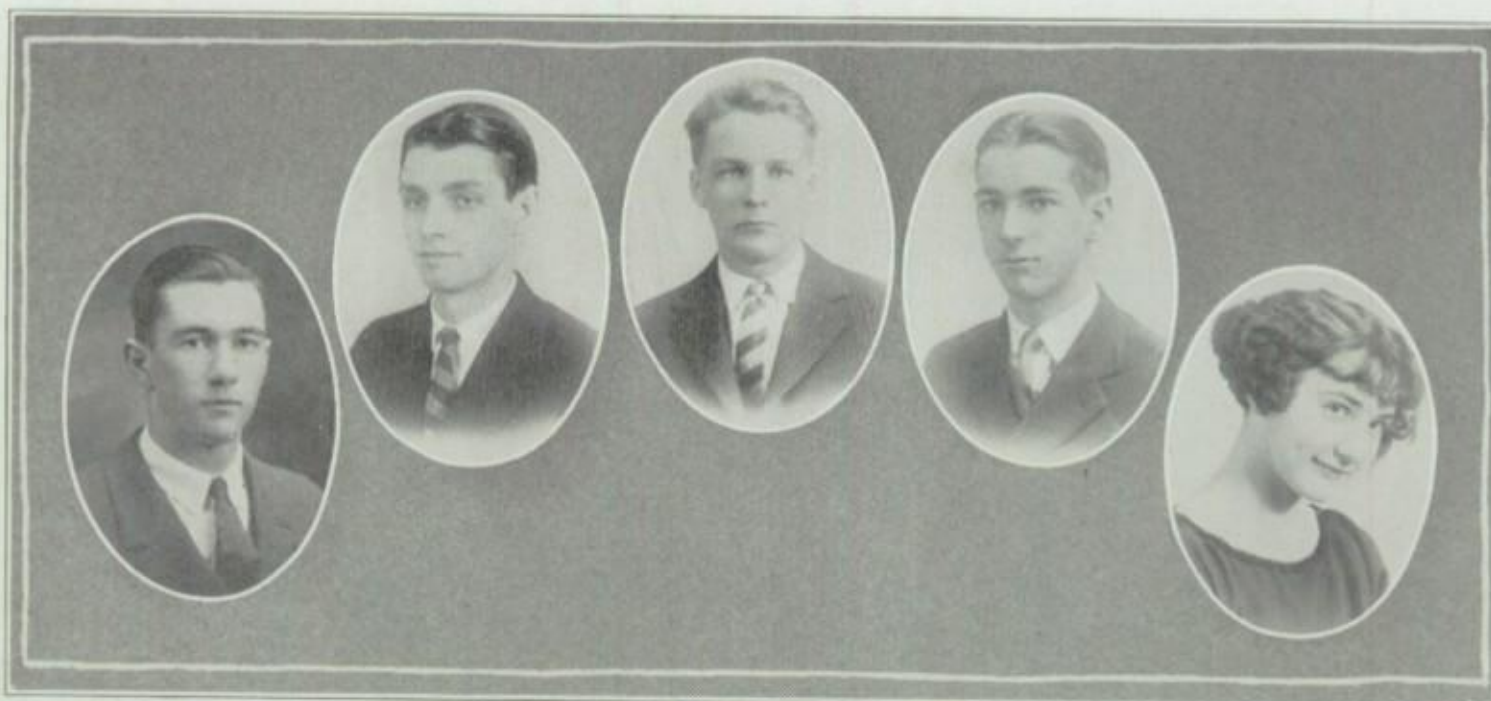
The members of the Latin Club have this year enjoyed the benefit of studying the life of a Roman boy from his birth to the choice of his career. At each meeting a period of his life was related to the students, beginning with the choice of his name and explaining facts about his education, his sports, his clothing, the wedding feast and the choice of his life work. Thus the Romans of the present were able to compare themselves with those of Rome, centuries ago.

Latin is not a dead language to these boys and girls who attended every meeting for the enjoyment which their knowledge of Latin affords them. Games, riddles, cross-word puzzles (oh yes, even in Latin), songs and plays, all in the Latin language, have entertained many happy students at every meeting of the club. The peals of laughter which often resounded through the upper hall at the time of the meetings, gave evidence of the fun which the members enjoy.

Each one realizes the recreational and educational value of these meetings, sponsored by Miss Herr and Miss Haskett. All those who wish a good time and a membership in a good club, should join the Romani Hodierni next year, for a bigger and better organization.

PRESIDENT '25





CITY ATTORNEY TREASURER MAYOR (2nd term) JUDGE SECRETARY

The City of Bloom

Student participation in administration for 1925 started work with Harry Lange as mayor. He proved the most able official throughout his administration. This year has been the most successful in the history of the City of Bloom both in achievements of the city council, and in results from developing good citizenship among the students.

A democracy, in the truest sense of the word, exists here in school. Each advisory group has a representative who attends the meetings of the student council held every other week. Here the representatives of the groups may introduce problems that he, or someone of his group, wants to have discussed and acted upon.

The work done by the government to make the school a better and more efficient place has been most varied. Of the outstanding accomplishments may be noted the following: operating a hall guard system under the Chief of Police; establishing a Lost and Found Department; starting a Used Book Exchange; buying tennis trophies as prizes for tennis champions in Bloom.



MAYOR LANG

One of the most efficient efforts of the City of Bloom is the guard system by which students are checked when they appear in halls during study and class periods. The following guards have assisted materially in the school administration:

First period: J. Raine, B. Champene, H. Scott, F. Felt. *Second period:* R. Felt, G. Morrow, C. Footit, E. Kilbourne. *Third period:* A. Stemberger, V. Bonvouloir, A. Long, A. Trotier. *Fourth period:* E. Albers, A. Doescher, I. Gravelot, H. Burgess. *Fifth period:* R. Ayken, M. Hartman, M. Merker, E. Erdman. *Sixth period:* W. Hildeman, E. Nelson, D. Boyer, E. Kilbourne. *Seventh period:* V. Richey, R. Olson, M. Moors, E. Clark. *Eighth period:* M. Bischoff, H. Werth, M. Chambers, A. Saller.





Bloom Masque

Exit Dramatic Club! Enter Bloom Masque. Thus goes the story of the organization of Bloom's actors and actresses. At a very early meeting of the year a suggestion was made that the club choose a name and as a result "Bloom Masque" was chosen, a name symbolizing both the organization and the school of which it forms a part.

The meetings of the Masque were made more enjoyable in mid-year when the Club moved from the basement to the large, pleasant, new location above the gymnasium. Rehearsals and club presentations were made lighter and more enjoyable by the ample space and convenience of such a room.

The Bloom Masque has been very active this year following the enthusiastic tryouts in the fall. After the members had been chosen (not without weighty consideration), the first meeting resulted in the election of the following officers:

WILLIS HELFRICK.....	<i>President</i>
MILDRED SOKOLOWSKI.....	<i>Vice President</i>
LEORA EDWARDS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
WALTER VANCE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS CECIL STARK.....	<i>Dramatic Director</i>

The first play presented to the school was "Miss Civilization," which afforded the Christmas treat for the students. The following enacted this bit of tense dramatic work:

<i>Alice Gardner</i>	LEORA EDWARDS
<i>"Hatch"</i>	HENRY SCOTT
<i>Harry Hayes</i>	HAROLD SELIGMAN
<i>Reddy, the Kid</i>	EDWARD CLARK
<i>Policemen</i>	WILLIS HELFRICK
	AUGUST KOEHLER
<i>Rescuers</i>	ROBERT OLSON
	WALTER VANCE



The annual public performance presented to the townspeople on February 26, scored another success for this organization and its director. These performances are growing more popular each year and add interest to the activities of Bloom High. The first of the plays presented was "Rosalie," a short, sprightly comedy—the story of a stubborn maid's actions toward her employers, both ardent social climbers.

THE CAST

<i>Monsieur Bol</i>	WILLIS HELFRICK
<i>Madame Bol</i>	ADELINÉ SALLER
<i>Rosalie, the Maid</i>	CHARLOTTE WALLACE

The second play was a delightful, colorful fantasy, "The Knave of Hearts," wherein the origin of that famous old nursery rhyme and its story were given in enjoyable comedy.

THE CAST

<i>The Knave of Hearts</i>	EDWARD CLARK
<i>The Chancellor</i>	HENRY SCOTT
<i>The King of Hearts</i>	ROBERT OLSON
<i>Lady Violetta</i>	ALICE PARKLER
<i>Ursula, her Maid</i>	VELDA LAUER
<i>Blue Hose</i>	WILLIAM HILDEMAN
<i>Yellow Hose</i>	AUGUST KOEHLER
<i>First Herald</i>	MARY MOORE
<i>Second Herald</i>	BERNICE HELME
<i>The Manager</i>	RAY AINSCOUGH
<i>Ladies of the Court</i>	{ HELEN MCKINSTRY
	{ JUANITA ROARK
	{ MARGARET BISCHOFF
<i>Knights of the Court</i>	{ WARREN SMITH
	{ FRED HANSEN

The last play, a modern farce based upon the folly of psychoanalysis. "Suppressed Desires" is the story of a disciple of the Freudian theory, using as her victims her husband and sister who, in the end, make her the very sad victim of her own preachings.

THE CAST

<i>Henrietta Brewster</i>	ELIN WISMANN
<i>Stephen Brewster</i>	WALTER VANCE
<i>Mabel</i>	LEORA EDWARDS

The meetings since the performance have been spent in giving reports of the chosen professional stars and also in doing "Shop Work." Some of the plays worked on were "Where But in America?"; "Riders to the Sea"; "The Romancers"; "Fourteen"; and "Op o' My Thumb." These plays afforded great variety of entertainment for the club members.

No other club in Bloom can be more appreciated for its worth than the Bloom Masque, and the "Masquers" wish here to express their appreciation for the year of good fun, of pleasure and of gain that they have shared together. This work should be an incentive to other classmen to boost the "Bloom Masque."

—Leora Edwards, '25.



BLOOM MASQUE PLAYS



ROSALIE



KNAVE OF HEARTS



SUPPRESSED DESIRES



← "The Romancers" →



"The Trysting Place" →

Bloom



ROLAND MCKINSTRY
Business Manager

FRANCES JIRTLE
Editor

BEATRICE KILBOURNE
Assistant Editor

EDWARD CLARK
Assistant Business Manager

Bloom Staff

DEPARTMENTS

LEORA EDWARDS—*Faculty Editor*

VIOLA ORR, ISMA GRAVELOT—*Assistants*

GRADUATE COMMITTEE

MARGARET BISCHOFF
BEATRICE KILBOURNE

ELIZABETH WHERLEY
VELIA JACOBUCCI

ELIZABETH DAVIS

JUNIOR COMMITTEE

ADELINE SALLER
MARY MOORE

AUGUST KOEHLER
ROBERT JOHNSTON

ADELINE TROTIER
MARIE HOFFMAN

KENNETH SAWYER
ALLEN IRWIN

SOPHOMORE COMMITTEE

BERNICE CHAMPENE

JEAN RAINE

FRANCELIA WILKENING

FRESHMAN COMMITTEE

JANE LEONARD
MYRTLE McALLISTER

MARY McELDOWNEY
HELEN McELDOWNEY

JAMES WORTHY
GARDNER ABBOTT

ATHLETIC EDITORS

FRED HANSEN

KATHRYN STROPE

Assistants—Boys

AUGUST KOEHLER

EDWARD CLARK

CHARLES DONOVAN

LITERARY EDITOR

AVIS CLAMITZ

ART EDITOR

RICHARD GJERDE

Assistants

THEODORE IVANOWSKI
BEATRICE KILBOURNE
ROLAND MCKINSTRY

MAYBELLE STRATFORD
BOYD WHITE
HELEN MCKINSTRY

RUSSELL BLESSING
HARLEY HAWES

PUBLICATION EDITOR
MILDRED SOKOLOWSKI

HUMOR EDITOR
ELIZABETH DAVIS

CALENDAR EDITOR
BARBARA McDOWELL

Assistants

JANE LEONARD

JEAN RAINE

BETTY HOOD

FACULTY ADVISOR
IDA H. WAY



From the Editor's Corner Desk

Our book, the Bloom, is made possible, only by the united efforts of the students. It is to portray the school life in all its many phases and in the most natural way, that this book, each year, is edited.

Such a book cannot be made in a day, and so each must cooperate to achieve the best finished product possible, and to fulfill the hopes of the Senior Class, the entire school, and the staff.

There are not only a few who have striven to make the annual a success, but there are many, whom others may not know, who have helped to edit this book, and so it is for this reason that we here take an opportunity to express our acknowledgment of their assistance.

We are most grateful to the Board of Education for their financial support. We appreciate the many hours of work that our Faculty Advisor, Miss Way spent to make this book possible; her keen interest and suggestions have helped the staff conquer many difficult problems. To Edna Shram, Lucile Burgess, Rosamond Reis and the other faithful typists who carefully prepared the copy for the printer, we extend our hearty thanks. A corp of kodak fans donated snap-shots during the late winter and early spring: these have helped in a big way to make the book more informal and intimate, for snaps are so much a natural reflection of the student life. Those who snapped life at Bloom were: Seniors, Roland McKinstry, Howard Werth, Mildred Arkenberg, Leora Edwards, Fred Hansen, and Helen McKinstry; Juniors, June Carson, Marion Foley; Sophomores, Harriet Werth, Anito Zanco; Freshmen, Frances Slocum, Barbara Michalek, Helen McEldowny, Henry Thoeming; the promptness with which the book has been made up is due to Miss Soderman who daily made speedy connection of Staff members with Miss Way's room—Bloom headquarters.

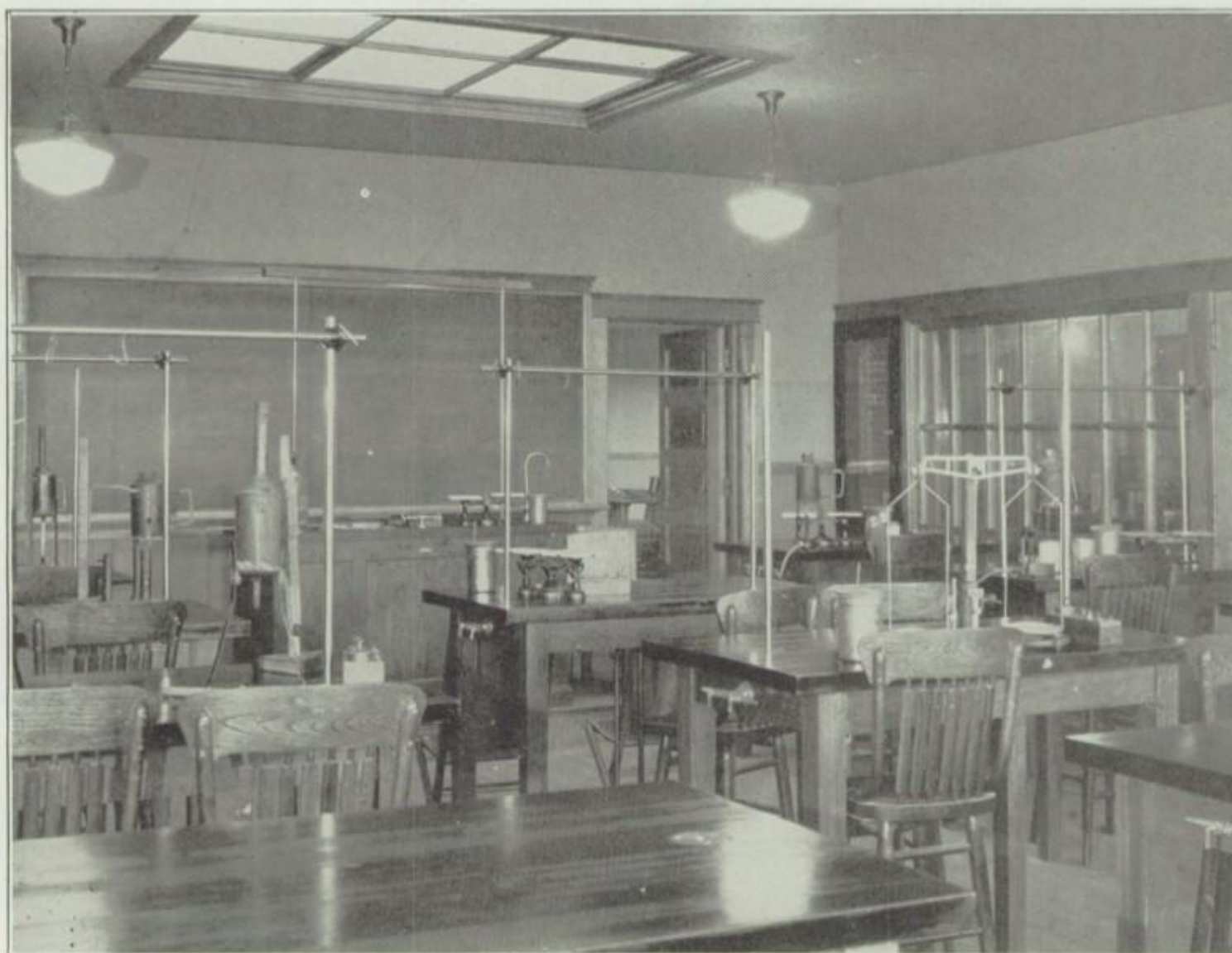
To the Art Department unusual credit is due, for the division pages—and we express further appreciation to Richard Gjerde, Boyd White, Theodore Ivanowski, our business manager, and those others who have lent their artistry to the Bloom.

The class sections have been carefully supervised by teachers, who in conjunction with Miss Way, have made the book more interesting to the student body as a whole. The Freshman section was supervised by Miss Turner; the Sophomores by Miss Stewart; Miss Mellinger directed the Junior section, while Miss Wallace contributed much to the literary section.

On a whole, we feel that our Senior book has been made much better by the collective efforts of these persons.

THE EDITOR





Appreciation of our fine improvements

The present physics' department with its finely equipped laboratory was made possible this year with the new additions completed; occupying what was once the attic, it is now one of the most attractive place in the school. An alumnus and a former physics' student remarked—when viewing the new department, that it would certainly be a fine place to study poetry. And after peering through the many windows at sky, trees, and smooth green grass we agree with them. Indeed it is a most delightful place to puruse the works of Boga and Torricelli.

Other additions aside from those already illustrated in the opening pages are the larger mechanical drawing department; increased gymnasium space, with new girl's showers, director's office, etc. Three additional rooms over the new gymnasium were built overlooking the beautiful parkway at the North and West. Rooms and additions are needed to meet the demands of a growing school. Already some rooms could well be increased in size in order to give opportunity for work as well as recitations. The increasing work in editing the Bloom and Broadcaster is now demanding greater space to take care of these publications, properly. *The Editor.*



The Broadcaster—A Permanent Feature

Class of '24, "Attention" was the head of one of the editorials in the Bloom Annual of 1923. The class of '24 gave their attention and, as a result, the Broadcaster, the first, regular high school newspaper of Bloom, was started. The trials and tribulations undergone by the staff in getting the Broadcaster out that first year have been told by the editor, Ellen Caskey, in last year's Bloom. This year's Staff, however, has not been heard from.

From the first, the Staff realized that, as it was the duty of last year's Staff to start the newspaper, it devolved on this year's staff to establish it firmly and securely as a school activity. Therefore, the staff planned a Broadcaster "Pep" assembly at which speeches by a few of the Staff members were given.

The task of publishing the first Broadcaster of the new school term was left to the remnants of the last year's staff. No one but a newspaper staff, can imagine what a feeling of joy mingled with relief was experienced when that first issue came out. Before the second appearance, twenty-three students had been added to the staff and with but few alterations, it has remained the same throughout the two semesters.

To off-set some of the disadvantages the present Staff had been working under, the Board of Education offered to send two representatives from the Broadcaster to the Illinois High School Press Association Convention at Champaign, namely the Editor and Business Manager. The ideas gained at the Convention from addresses by well-known journalists and discussions and suggestions of editors of various high school publications served as an aid and inspiration to not only the fortunate delegates, but to the staff as a whole, for to them were communicated these ideas with as much of the spirit of the young aspiring journalists at the Convention as possible.

The criticisms, as well as the copy contributed by the Journalism Class have been greatly appreciated. The criticisms especially have been a great aid to the Staff in striving for improvements in forthcoming issues and in judging what the student body as a whole think of the newspaper, what they like in it, and what they like to see added to it. The class has shown a live interest in the Broadcaster and has extended a willing hand to contribute, at all times.




Membership in the I. H. S. P. A. at Champaign, and the C. I. P. A. at Madison, Wisconsin, has brought its benefits to the staff. From the "Scholastic Edition," issued by the Press Association at Madison, many new suggestions on publishing the High School newspaper have been called. The exchanges have likewise proved helpful, not only in the ideas gained, but in a spirit of competition aroused.

Special issues of the Broadcaster have been published this year. The girls of Bloom put out an issue during Girls' Week and the boys during Boys' Week. The last issue of the paper was edited entirely by the Journalism Class and served as evidence of the work done during the semester.

Thus far, forces that have been contributing to make the Broadcaster, outside of the staff itself, have been discussed. Meanwhile, the staff under the influence of these forces has been diligently struggling on to reach that goal which it declared for itself at the beginning of the year; to make the Broadcaster a bigger and a better newspaper. As to whether the paper has improved, the students are themselves the judges; but as to whether the paper needs enlargement in keeping with the school, the staff is the better judge. Copy has poured in from all sides, the Item Box yielded student contributions, the Staff responded with their share and more, the Journalism Class contributed; truly a state of affairs to gladden the heart of the Editor. But what disappointment, especially to the contributor, when copy must be left out, not because of the quality of the work, but because of the lack of space! The dream of a five-column newspaper that began in September is proving a necessity. The Journalism Class in editing the last issue of the Broadcaster edited the first five-column paper. May the first issue of the next semester to be a "five-columner."

Ye Editor.













The Bloom


VOL. 2 CHICAGO HEIGHTS, 1925 NO. 11



FACULTY ENTERTAINMENT

NOV. 1. A. FEATURES






ST. PATRICK

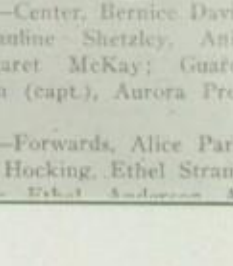



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

TO BEGIN



St. Patrick's Song
Writer to Be Chosen By Bloom

Means Means Entertainment

The greatest treat of a long time will be offered to the students this afternoon when Miss Edna Means will entertain the students with a number of delightful readings. Miss Means is

long time ago, and hard, and saint plays with fiery he played on clear and said to him, and help the world is; how to pray. 6. He died, there was no night. It was with the help of Miss V. and her team. They have shown a great deal this year and their meeting was the best yet. The player of the best selected men—Dyrlle M. Viola Prall, Amanda Z. Leonard, Patton, Ruth Davis, Dorothy Helfrick. Other classes are a—Forwards, Ell, Mithollar, and Cal. West. SOPHOMORE—Felt, Milder, Frances H. Patterson, Kilbourne, Caldwell. A—Center, Bernice Davis, Pauline Shetzley, Anita Margaret McKay; Guard, Edman (capt.), Aurora Pres. SENIOR B—Forwards, Alice Park, Margaret Hocking, Ethel Strand.

Do Dreams Come True?

Oftentimes a great invention, a glorious victory on the battlefield, a still greater triumph in the institutional world has had its origin in a dream. Many of the great men of history owe their successes to their ability to keep before them in their dreams, the completion and perfection of their ideals. Of course, we as children had many wild, fantastic dreams, but these were dreams of a different kind. Our childhood dreams were merely outlets for the imagination without serious thought or purpose. The dreams of the great men of the world are dreams of purpose serving a definite end.

Bloom's library has had its origin in a purposeful dream and it may therefore be likened to the immortal "Sugar Plum Tree" of Eugene Field, "a marvel of great renown. Now this is a "dream tree" you know, and for years the library lived only in the dreams of those who visualized what it might mean to Bloom in the days to come and patiently strove to fulfill that ideal. In those first days, according to the poem, "you would have a hard time to capture the fruit which I sing," for books were very scarce and difficult of attainment. The library had its beginning in nothing more than a long table in the north side of the assembly room. The few books were piled on the center of the table. Pleasure-loving and mischievous pupils found this table an ideal place of amusement, far from the scrutinizing eye of the assembly teacher. And so this spot became known as the center of gossip and fun during school hours.

The dream moves on, and a little later the books were moved to a few large cases in the hall adjoining the present library. Since these cases were usually kept locked, the books were inaccessible, and "more for show than use." The collection now consisted of an encyclopedia, dictionaries and minor books that were for the most part entirely useless.

As the number of books was increased, the cases were taken into the principal's private office. The few home-made bookcases were soon too small to hold all the books, and as a result books were piled on the floor, on tables and chairs. They were unclassified and hopelessly mixed. It was indeed a difficult problem to find a desired book in this confusion. There was no way of checking out books, and anyone desiring one had only to write his name and the title of the book on a slip of paper and place it on a spindle. Books were sometimes returned, but often unaccounted for. During the year some of the books were classified and catalogued in spare moments, for the dream of a real librarian was not yet realized. But the same year, plans for a library were drawn up.

At length the dream came true after many years of patient waiting and working. The English classroom was found to be the best room suitable for a library. Everyone, you see, was willing to sacrifice something necessary for the fulfillment of the dream of a real library. The room was small but pleasant, and after being properly equipped, served its purpose very well. A librarian was secured, the collection of books was increased, all books were classified and shelved, and the library became a useful and inseparable part of the school life. Yet it was by no means perfect, and more earnest effort in the following years was necessary.

The library today certainly surpasses even the loftiest dreams of its founders. Since the addition last year, the library is now a large, well-lighted room, beyond a doubt the pleasantest in the school. The added space and new furniture has meant accommodation for many more readers for pleasure as well as reference reading. The new open shelves give the students access to the books and enable them to choose for themselves. In the last two years a large number of books has been added, so that the library now contains about five



Library Continued

thousand well-selected volumes. The library also subscribes to an unusual large number of the best current magazines and keeps a permanent file of them. Last year for the first time a library class was organized for the purpose of giving pupils instruction and training in the fundamental facts of library management. The number system for checking out books has also been installed and found efficient. Added to these material improvements are the improvements in conduct. Students have learned to keep "silence" before the "sweet serenity of books." They enjoy more and more the beauty of the library and the pleasure of its books. They are feeling that the library is a workshop, self-disciplined and dependent upon the occupants for its complete usefulness.

Besides striving to become better in every way, the library is continually working toward its one aim, to make real readers, who, having learned in school to love books, will carry this pleasure with them into future life. The words of an Oriental proverb express very appropriately the purpose of the library, "I will make thee to love literature, thy mother, I will make its beauties to pass before thee." We have wonderful opportunities in the library if we will but make use of them. And so the library,—the sugar plum tree, is no longer a dream, but a reality, and its friends know the truth of the words of the poem,

*"The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say),
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day."*

Poetry, biography, travel, history, the arts—these are the "marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes," just a small part of the "treasure" you may carry away. And we assure you that the "gingerbread dog's" bark is one of invitation, and the "chocolate cat" is more than willing to tumble the sugar plums off for you.

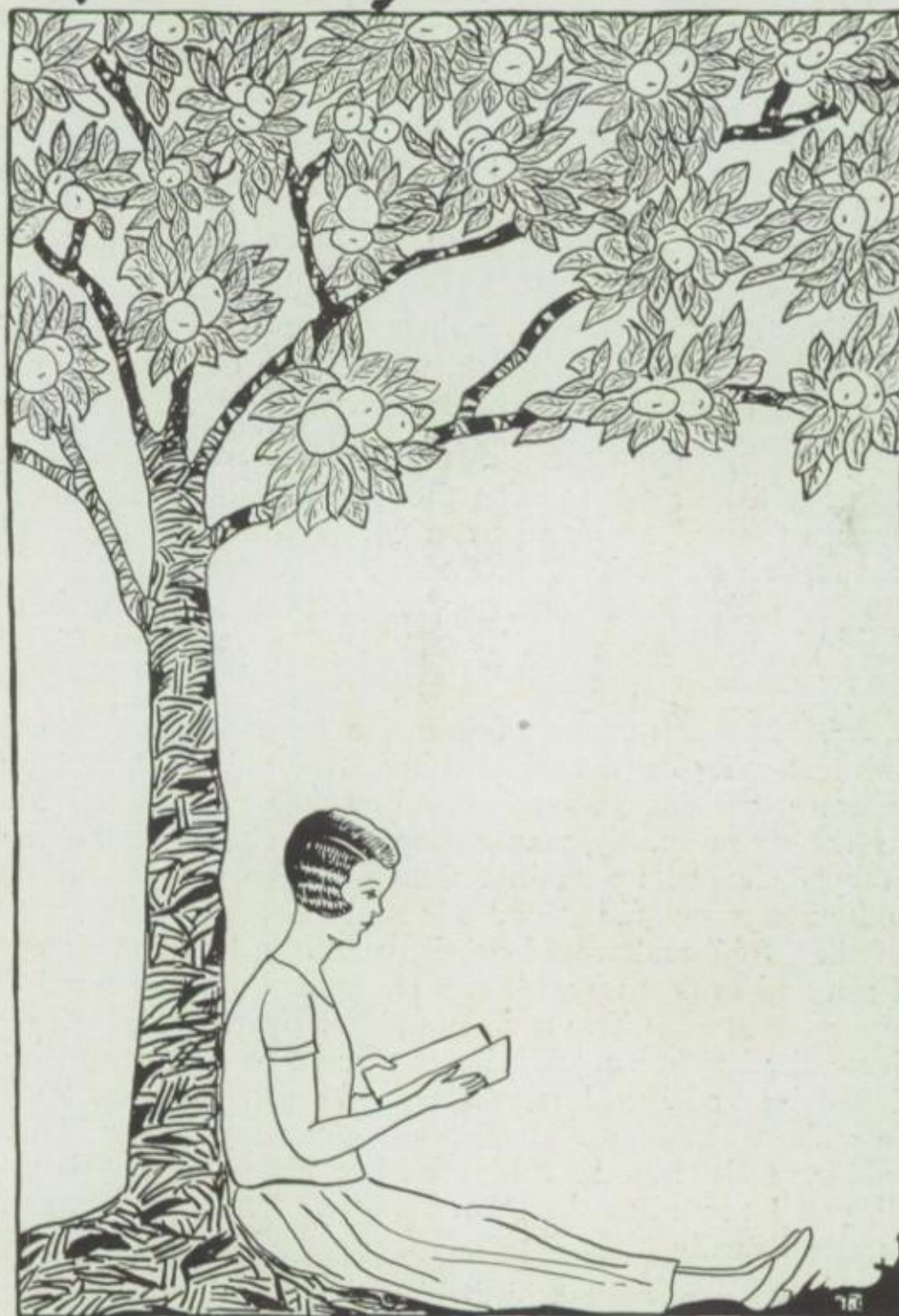
—Marie Hartmann.







LITERARY



But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
A column, an arch, in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight.

Writing Essays

In my estimation a person can become rich either by working hard, or by making or taking snap money. There are three classes of human beings who can get snap money; namely, the jazz composers, those born rich, and the quick minded essayist. All a jazz composer has to do to earn a little pocket change is to wish himself back in Dixie, or develop some kind of blues, and put his emotions into a dumbbell poem, surrounding this poem with all varieties of notes ranging from lower C sharp to higher C sharp.

Those who are born rich do not have to wish themselves in various places to obtain their spare coins; they have only to sign their names to a check which their private secretaries have had the second assistants make out. Such a lucky person neither has to have wit nor strength to succeed, as he will spend right and left, and after spending all his inheritance will die, leaving his children and grand-children to become jazz composers, essayists, or slavers. These descendants will pile up another fortune of either snap or hard-earned money which his great grandson will spend as he did the previous fortune. Thus the world goes on; there is about one-third of the population born rich, while the other two-thirds are busy making money for their descendants to spend. These descendants then form the one-third born rich, while those descendants of the first rich will comprise the remaining two-thirds who will start piling up another fortune.

Lastly, the essayist! Ah! there's where the rest of the snap money seekers join in; there's where even the dumbest dumbbell has a chance. The subjects are numerous, the lengths are various, and the types are uncountable. Doors, chairs, tables, pebbles, lampposts, dogs, cats, rats, cold mornings, warm days, stoves, books, educations, gardens, papers, bricks, dishes, clocks, lamp, fish eyes, musical instruments, neighbors, caps, boys, and about a thousand others comprise a few of the various subjects one may choose if he desires to write an essay.

The other morning I joined a group of not so well known essayists who were starting on a mid-morning stroll. We started on our stroll with about fifteen promising young men, all of whom had pencil and pad with them. One of the more speedy young men drew ahead of the rest of us. Suddenly he stopped, leaned up against a near-by fence post and started writing. I called to him to come on, but no. He said he had to write an essay on "Keeping Ahead of the Mob" and would not leave till he had completed it. Leaving him there I ran and caught up with two stragglers. As I neared them, I suddenly slipped and gave one of them a violent shove, forcing him quite violently to the ground. Instead of rising quickly he continued to lie flat on the dusty road. Thinking I had injured him I ran to assist him to rise, but looking over his shoulder I saw him writing on a small pad. Upon my asking him what he was writing, he told me to let him lie 'till he finished his essay on "Being Violently Pushed." In disgust I turned to the other straggler but he, too, was busy writing on "Being in the Rear."

I was now quite a bit behind the crowd, and as I hastened to catch up with them, I noticed that every now and then I would pass one of the group sitting, standing, or lying by the road side, his attention not absorbed in the beauty of nature as they intended it to be, but in writing essays. On inquiring the subjects of their masterpieces I found that they were either too busy to tell me; some would point to the subject and murmur, "that."

One middle aged fellow I came upon was clinging half way up a telegraph pole busy scribbling down words in a fairly large note book. As his trousers were badly torn in the seat, I decided he had been routed up the pole by some



Bloom

angry mongrel and had been struck with the idea of writing an essay on "Being Chased by a Dog," while still clinging to the pole.

At last I came upon what had started out as a group of hikers, but what now consisted of a lone man who was walking slowly, deep in meditation. Thinking he was not one of the crazy type, as I thought the others, I told him what the others were doing and how foolish it seemed. His face lightened, his steps grew faster then slower, and then, much to my disgust, he climbed upon a small bridge, produced a pad and pencil and began writing his essay on "Foolishness."

This was too much for me. I grew angry and started to run in the direction of the trolley line, when I felt a queer feeling creep over me. I seemed dazed and hazy; so I leaned against a large oak tree that appeared to spring up just for my convenience. My hand groped in my pocket; I felt a stub of a pencil and grasped it, and began searching for paper, (finding some at the foot of the tree.)

As suddenly as it had come on, the dazed feeling left me and upon looking at the soiled paper, I had picked up, I found I had written this essay on, "Writing Essays."
—Charles Donovan.

*Her spirit doth
Embrace my soul,
Her guiding hand clasps mine;
We drift
And float away—
Through the realms
Of skies turned gold;
As we frolic in the mold
Of the spacious land of old.
—Velia Jacobucci.*

My Two Idols

I have two idols in the faculty. One is a lady, the other a man, so you see I am partial to neither sex. These two are to me the personification of love, sympathy, and wise endeavor. Both have a strict sense of duty and carry it out to the best of human ability. They demand of others also an observation of the laws of duty, which fact makes some pupils, who do not understand, critical. A few short-comings in the otherwise perfect personalities makes them more human and increases their understanding of human nature. Their infinite patience and good will alone is enough to inspire one to better things. Both directly and indirectly they help and encourage pupils to lead lives of usefulness and good cheer. Pupils leave their classrooms wiser not only in book knowledge but also in the ability to meet life's problems. Both of these teachers are happy in their work and do not limit it to a narrow scope. A gloomy day has often been brightened for me because of a word of kindness or an encouraging smile from either of them; never an unnecessary harsh word, never an unkind glance do they give. Courtesy to all seems to be their watchword. As I think of them I feel that they have done a great service to the world and will continue to do so as long as they are a part of it. I shall carry with me into the world, the memory of my idols and strive to be all I have seen and imagined them to be.

—M. H.



Sonnet

At sunset, when a few last rays of light
Yet find their way into my lonely room,
And darkness draws a veil before my sight,
Enveloping the weary world in gloom,
I think of happy days I spent with thee;
Of days when life and youth flowed in my veins.
And ever pain flows through the harmony,
Accompanied by mem'ry's sad refrains.
Then other friends I loved come back to mind
To add fresh grief to sorrows gone before;
For Death takes double, too, where love we find,
And saddens thoughts of those who are no more.
Yet love will reign supreme, till life is done,
For e'en Death knows that love and life are one.

—ALICE MILEY.



The Noon Hour Rush

One minute before the fifth hour class! The classroom is half empty! More seats appear to be vacant than filled.

The one minute is up! The second bell rings! Hurrying, running steps are heard climbing up the stairs and gradually nearing the classroom. Clanking, gasping, shuffling noises become louder. The door opens with a sudden jerk; the other fifty per cent of the class, flushed and breathless, has arrived. But the sight that these belated members present—a motley crowd, their coats thrown over their shoulders like capes; some of them, more fortunate as to time, have succeeded in getting one arm into a sleeve, some, even two. Their scarfs are carelessly wound around their necks or dragged along in one hand. The girls, galoshes unbuttoned and flapping against each other, the clasps clinking a now familiar tune; hats, mysteriously whole and unmashed, either topped in some odd fashion on the head and resting there held by some force greater than that of the gravity of the earth, or perilously balanced on the edge of a notebook held under the arm while the other hand is occupied in holding together some other bits of paraphernalia. The boys, caps diminished to half their size, fitted into coat pockets, gloves tenaciously held in their hands. "Be prepared," is the motto of this group, "to leave the school building, as well as the classroom, in record breaking time the instant the second bell rings, announcing the noon hour."

But what precautions do the other fifty per cent take to insure, not only prompt satisfaction of the stomach by an appetizing luncheon, but the assurance of the purchase of one? I, being one of this group, feel myself more fortunate than the others. I leisurely stroll from the classroom, watch my classmates make wild dashes and plunges for the exits, meanwhile contemplating on the luncheon which awaits me at my locker. Do not infer from this that I carry my lunch to school. Nay, I get my luncheon direct from Bloom's cafeteria through a lovable friend, (more lovable since she gets my lunch), who is situated so closely to that delectable goal of the other fifty per cent that the first dish is invariably served to her. As I proceed with my luncheon to the dining room, south side of the assembly, I feel like a walking advertisement for the Cafeteria service. The north hall, new addition, and attic people are just in sight of the first cafeteria entrance in the main hall, crowded as usual; after glancing at my tray they begin to make out their bill of fare. A line almost as long as that of a Christmas bread line in front of some charitable organization booth, greets my eye as I return the tray of empty dishes. Realization of my good fortune comes upon me, and pity for that hungry crowd.

You see, a year ago, I, too, made up that line; I, too, experienced mad plunges thru a crowd of a hundred hurrying students to gain the cafeteria entrance; I, too, experienced the sinking sensation of lunch not earlier than 12:30 as I barely managed to gain a place thirty yards from the beginning of that long train of hungry students; I, too, had a fainting sensation when after a half hour of waiting, I found, upon reaching the counter that only crackers and milk (which I never did like) were all that was left; I, too, felt jealous as I saw faculty members calmly walk to the head of the line, choose their dishes and depart—not a murmur from the cafeteria head to them to wait their turn.

My only loss, since the coming of my good fortune is track practice; for the speed and celebrity with which I gained even that distance line position, considering the ground I had covered, would certainly qualify me for a position as a "dash" on one of the Olympic teams.

—Mildred Sokolowski.



The Master's Art

The clouds—the sky—the sunset
Oft theme of poet's work
Inspire me with love of God and awe of God.
In them His spirit lurks.

As the rain bow hues unfold
Beauties anew are shown,
They fill me with humility
And humble thoughts
Till the heavens change to gold.

The sky is lit as tho' with torch
The flaming red the clouds do scorch;
The indigo is shot with gray
And white along the borders play.

The clouds are feathery and white
The earth is now a wondrous sight;
Small lakes reflect the sunset's glow,
And man forgets his foes and woe.

The sunset—God—and mortals
Not very often linked,
Are brought together by this sight
Of the Master's art
The path to heaven's portals.

—Avis Clamitz.

The Parthenon

'Twas the pride of a nation in centuries past
Till the enemy bombed it and then alas!
The walls are crumbled and old and worn—
Man and time its beauties have shorn.
Its portals are thronged with men long past
Old heroes whose deeds in memories last.
'Tis haunted with ghosts of that Golden Age,
When Greece wrote its fame on history's page.

—Frances Beggs.



Bloomites vs. Thortonites

*The crowds were hurrying northward on a cool day last fall,
For Bloom was playing Thornton in the rival game, football.
The Thortonites were ready with Rubendunst so tall.
But Bloom was also ready with her players great and small.
The T. T. H. S. bleachers were filled up very well,
With many loyal Bloomites who were there to yell.
First on the scene was Thornton with her jerseys of purple and white,
Greeted by a mighty cheer, urging them on to fight.
Next appeared Bloom's gridders, comparatively small,
Greeted by the Bloomites cheers to inspire them all.
The referee's whistle sounded—excitement was intense,
The teams were each in place, for the game had commenced
Bloom received the kickoff at the start of the game,
Thus began the struggle for grid-iron fame.
The contest was scarcely but five minutes old,
When Lustig sent the ball right o'er the goal.
Then from the Bloomites came a glorious cheer,
Which filled the Thortonites with the greatest of fear.
The ball was advanced by both of the teams,
But no chance of a touchdown seemed there to glean.
In this way the game to the half progressed,
When both of the teams went off for a rest.
Between the halves was a spectacle grand,
For Bloom was there with her wondrous band;
With uniforms bright and shining and new,
They went out to show Thornton what they could do.
Our drum-major dressed in his suit so grand,
Strutted as if he were king of the land.
Then Thornton's band also appeared in parade,
And a very wondrous sight, they, too, made.
From both of these bands came music supreme,
Which would have made Pan, with envy, turn green.
The time was just flying, and half-time was o'er,
Both teams were coming back on the field once more.
The referee's whistle called the ball into play,
When both teams resumed the battle's affray.
Although both teams fought as if in a war,
Neither was able to gain any score.
The shot of the gun announced the game's end,
And the voices of Bloomites in gladness did blend.
Of course we've had games with Harvey before,
But scarcely as close as in twenty-four.
We'll have games in the future with Harvey no doubt,
The score—well, wait till next year to find out.*

—Ferol Cole, Sophomore, IIA.



"The Party Observer"

I came to the school party, silent, unobserved, but entirely engrossed in the festive atmosphere that seemed to predominate in the place. I came rather early, hastened to my locker, and then settled in a place where I could notice those who entered.

First, a rather timid group of freshman girls appeared at the entrance, produced tickets, and with giggles mingled with nervousness and excitement were received by those on the reception committee. These young girls, who were to be future women of Bloom, were dressed in their very best and as they advanced to their respective lockers in rhythm to the swish of taffeta, Mary said to Janie, "Oh! you look just too perfectly sweet!" I was rather interested in the couple who entered next. I believe it has been quite decided by all those who are unfailing prophets that these two had not an ordinary "school case." No one seemed particularly excited that they should be there together, and after the gentleman had extended two tickets to the door-keeper, he and the young lady became so deeply interested in each other they forgot entirely about the reception committee, and I don't believe they have realized yet that there was one. Next came the president of one of the upper classes—such a fine appearing young man whose popularity had come through athletic fame and a good character; with him was a very good looking young lady, very gracious and well dressed, and I must say that they made a most attractive pair. The president's easy banter made those patronesses smile, and the young lady also smiled most irresistibly as she advanced.

So they came, and finally growing weary of watching them, as each made his entrance, I wandered into the gymnasium which was quite transformed by lowered lights and decorations. In one corner, an orchestra played delightfully catchy tunes, but at once I became interested in the dancers and made my way to the balcony above where I could watch all. Every freshman showed signs of intense excitement and beamed on all.

Dancing is a beautiful thing and indeed an art, but I truly believe it would be quite a task to find the slightest bit of artistry in the antics that some of those youths were going through; some fairly dashed about and I became nervous lest they might collide with others and have the entire affair end disastrously; others seemed to be taking the dance easily and even though they weren't in time, and occasionally became tangled in their partners' feet, appeared very blissful and content. I, at last, concentrated on a couple who glided over the floor in perfect rhythm; not a misstep or a falter marred their dancing; both seemed born perfectly into this terpsichorean art. I was fascinated by them, but suddenly two rather fleshy freshman girls bumped almost intentionally into the swaying couple and spoiled everything. Then I wandered over to the tables where most of the younger students were playing games; they seemed as happy as the dancers.

The great moment arrived when refreshments were announced. Gallant young men who probably never thought themselves capable of serving at home balanced dishes to their partners with unusual ease. During this time, many sat, two in a seat, in the assembly room; this must have been all right, for youth must have its thrills, and I overheard many a young man ask to see his young lady home.

More dancing after this and at last, time to go! Such a hurry and scurry to lockers to get ready to leave. Only those who wanted to dance longer and the hosts seemed to linger. Two by two, and group by group they left—some girls seemed happy and triumphant as they walked out with a conquered hero.

Thus parties go. They are the melting pot of a cosmopolitan group, excellent dancers, poor dancers, popular boys and girls, timid freshmen—all come and each gains some good from the other. I was very much impressed.

—Frances Jirtle.



Poetry

It is the sound that angels make.
The strings so gently swept
Yield forth entrancing melody—
Rhythmic and sweet;
Now tenderly mournful
Sobs and sighs adrawing;
Now boisterously happy,
In wild abandon racing.

—V. J.

Spirit of Love

Hark! dost thou hear
It oft repeat,
Drifting through the air?
Its soft and sweet
Yet melancholy song,
That ever rolls along.

Like a spirit,
A sweet tempered joy;
Like a phantom
No power can cloy;
As sweet as the dew
That drops from above;
Precious as pearls,—
That presence called Love,
Upon me descended
And to me commended.

O'er and o'er the tale of woe
Murm-ringly creeps;
Known and stranger, friend and foe,
One by one they come and go;
Each hears the tale and weeps.

—Velia Jacobucci.

*Night winds howl from all the corners
Darkness lingers everywhere;
Not a star is in the heavens
Ghosts seem whisp'ring in the air.*

*As I sit here with my lessons
All alone in gloomy dread
Fear comes stealing softly o'er me
And I want to go to bed.*

FRESHMAN—Leroy Hartmann.





TREES



Around Bloom

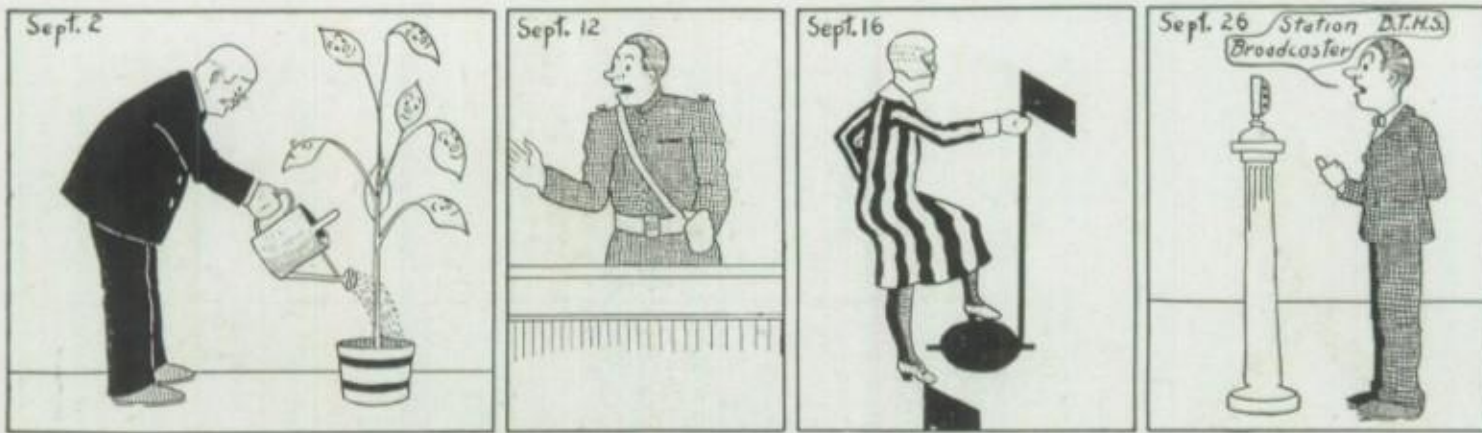


A picture fair, a landscape clothed in white,
A pure, a spotless universe of light.

CALENDAR



O see, O see the Bloom Date Tree
A marvel, O long may it thrive
The fruit it bears, 'tis a joy to see
In this year of twenty-five.



"The Date Tree"

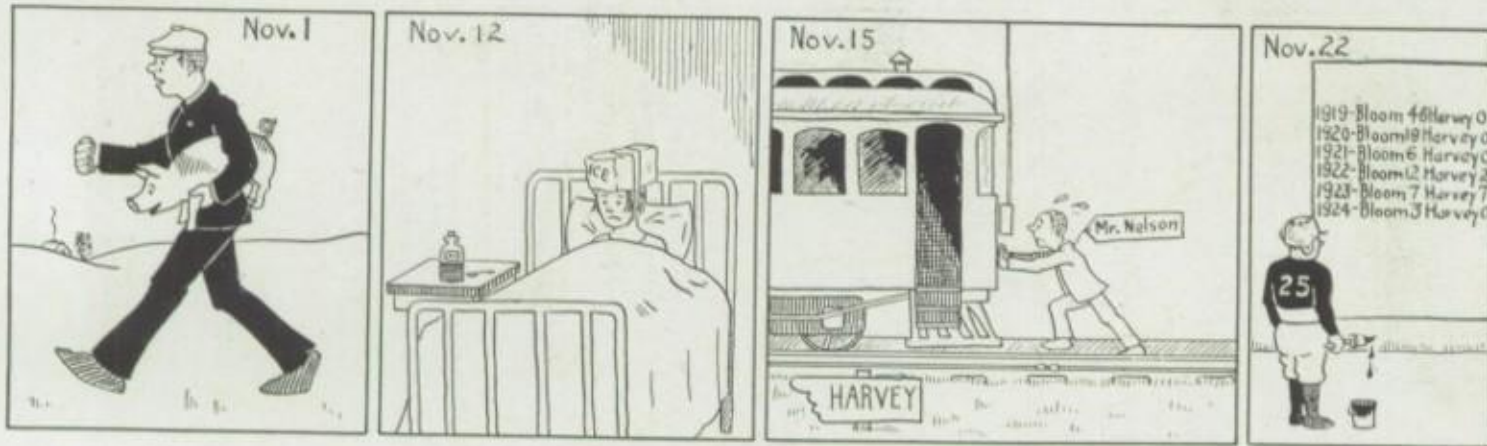
- Sept. 2.—Our September "Bloom Tree" sprouts a lot of little "green leaves."
Oh, you *Freshies*!
- Sept. 3.—Mad dash for lockers. Seniors win, of couse!
- Sept. 5.—Alumni return to see how Bloom existed without them. Fooled 'em, didn't we?
- Sept. 10.—"I am so glad to see all your bright and shining faces this morning." State Superintendent Hanna addresses assembly.
- Sept. 12.—Defense day. "We pledge our allegiance—"
- Sept. 15-19.—Aspirants to the footlights display their arts.
- Sept. 16.—Glee Club steps to High C.
- Sept. 20.—Bloom kicks off by winning from Hammond by score of 30-0.
- Sept. 26.—Station B.T.H.S. broadcasting the latest news items—First edition of the "Broadcaster."
- Sept. 27.—Not so good this time! Bloom, 0; Rockford, 7.

October

- Oct. 4.—Bloom travels to Deerfield and loses 2-6. Are we down-hearted? **NO!**
- Oct. 6.—The "fair" sex honors the football practice with their "inspiring" presence.
- Oct. 10.—The Snake wriggles for the Evanston game
- Oct. 11.—Bloom, 0; Evanston, 26. 'Nuff said.
- Oct. 14.—Plenty of material for track team—young hopefuls weigh in for lightweight team.
- Oct. 15.—"Mademoiselle Midnight" brings beaucoup shekels to the Athletic Association.
- Oct. 18.—Subdued excitement—Bloom elections drawing night. Our first home game with many at Illinois homecoming—Bloom, 8; Morton, 17. Gosh—
- Oct. 21.—All's over but the shouting. Sparky wins for Mayor, Ohlendorf for Judge, Helfrick for Attorney, Ainscough for Treasurer, Edwards for Clerk.
- Oct. 28.—Officers inaugurated—if you please.



Bloom



November

Nov. 1.—“Bringin’ home the bacon”—Bloom, 26; K. K. K., 0. (Hi, Red Grange pull in your head, we’ve got the real guy here.)

Nov. 3.—Everybody concentrate—On what? Why *Beat Harvey!!*

Nov. 4.—The weaker sex wins again—Miss Jirtle is Editor of the “Bloom”—Step up boys!

Nov. 5.—Seniors spend “One Night in Rome” and return with compound interest on their capital (?)

Nov. 8.—Speaking of cyclones—Bloom, 16; Morgan Park M. A., 6.

Nov. 11.—Taylor recalls memories of great war.

Nov. 12.—Noticeable absences of the faculty—the cooking class entertained the night before.

Nov. 15.—“I’m planning to *push* a special interurban car to Harvey,” Mr. N—.

Nov. 19.—One of ye good ol’ Mass Meetings.

Nov. 21.—Publication delegates figure at I. C. P. A.—Champaign.

Nov. 22.—We did it! What? Why *Beat Harvey*, 3-0!

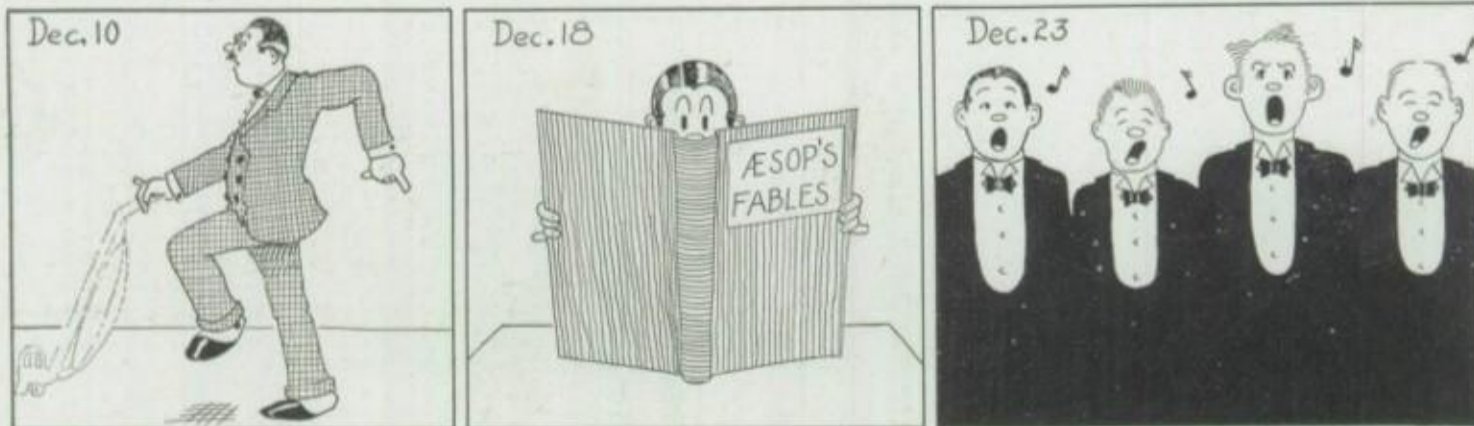
Nov. 26.—Jams, not strawberry, but cafeteria.

Nov. 28.—Hollis is letting his bangs grow.

Nov. 29.—Thanksgiving—for all but the Turk.

Nov. 30.—Bloom and Broadcaster among the “400” at National Press Association, Madison, Wis.





December

Dec. 1.—Sweet essence of turpentine—rapid clanging of hammers—broadening of mind, and school at large.

Dec. 2.—“Beaucoup de faux pas, aujourd'hui.”

Dec. 4.—Library opens—don't everybody rush 'cause its twice as large—ain't we swell?

Dec. 6.—Watch out Juniors! Don't get the swell head just because you're Champs of Bloom.

Dec. 8.—Sim's Song Slides satisfy simple songsters.

Dec. 10.—“All one has to know to live in this modern age is a frying pan, a telephone, and a can-opener,” Mr. Watson attempts to elevate the minds of Bloom to the heights of art.

Dec. 12.—Wonder how Momence feels now? Bloom takes both games.

Dec. 16.—Seniors stranded hopelessly when Miss Stewart leaves for home—but being *Seniors* manage party O.K.

Dec. 17.—Report cards arrive—better give us 'till Xmas to recuperate.

Dec. 18.—Back to childhood—Jack McG. enjoys “Æsop's Fables for Children” all eighth hour.

Dec. 19.—Big day for us:

1. Assembly enjoys “Miss Civilization.” Boys rather grave.
2. G. A. A. entertains itself with a few dances after school.
3. Bloom takes a rap or two at Watseka and comes out whole.

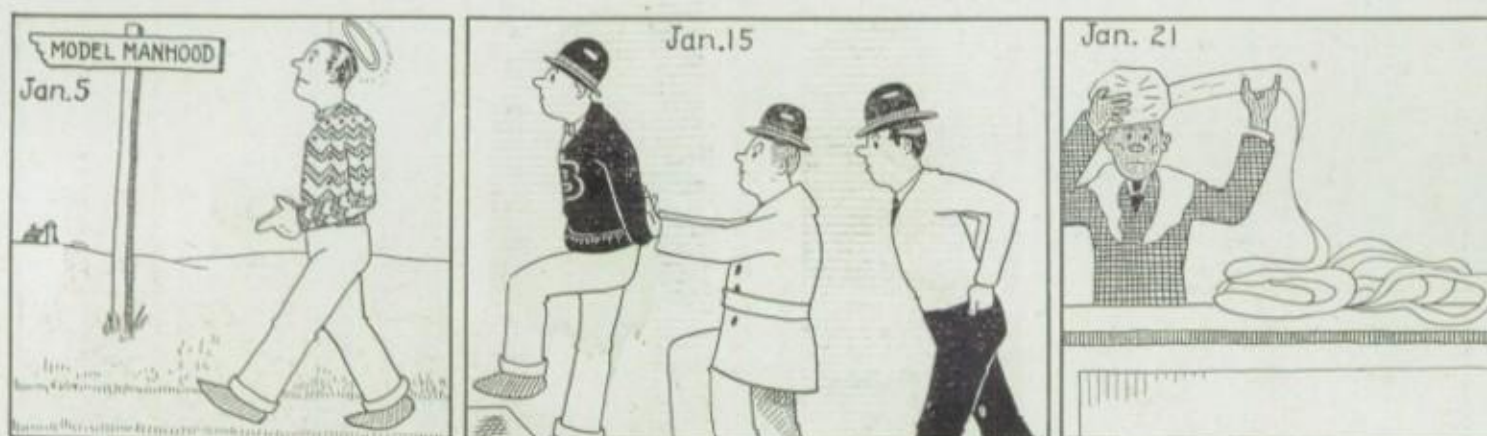
Dec. 22.—“Santa Claus will come, round this way if you're good.”—Senior Xmas blow-out.

Dec. 23.—Illinois Boys' Glee Club honors us with its presence and a couple of songs thrown in.

Dec. 25.—Merry Christmas everybody! See you next year.



Bloom



January

Jan. 5.—School again. Earnest determination to keep resolutions this year appears on all faces.

Jan. 9.—Played at Watseka on a cheese-box floor, so there really was an alibi.

Jan. 10.—However, won from LaGrange first league game. Oh, boy! Betty Ritter had three sundaes on that one.

Jan. 12.—Notice on bulletin board that all Seniors must visit the Photographer right away. Some of us went *three* times.

Jan. 15.—FORCED TO SELL OUT, ½ OFF, DERBY HATS. \$.35.

Jan. 16.—Snapped the knuts from K. K. K. out of their monomania.

Jan. 19.—Mid-year exams! Cram! Cram! We nearly perished!

Jan. 21.—“Wamdahadiyaxmonopgy,” Mr. Wandig talks, sings, and ties up his head.

Jan. 27.—Don’t fall over the little ones,—few classes; mostly chaos till programs are arranged.

February

Feb. 3.—Teachers gather in Room 24 to talk over our *good* points (?).

Feb. 5.—Junior President deserts them for the Senior class; can’t blame him, can you? But Juniors have plenty of brilliants left.

Feb. 7.—Pavlowa gains a few more devotees from among Bloom chums.

Feb. 10.—Come on boys, “Faint heart never fair lady won!” Valentine party coming tomorrow.

Feb. 11.—“Our Cousin,” Mr. McKenzie spoke on the life of Abraham Lincoln.

Feb. 14.—Work? That’s not the word—four five-minute overtime periods, and then Riverside won.





Feb. 16.—Monday. Dumb but happy.
 Feb. 20.—Played at Harvey. Bloom there enmasse.
 Feb. 23.—New curtains presented by Bloom Masque.
 Feb. 25.—Intense excitement; the "King of Hearts" takes sick, and a member of Bloom takes the day off to learn his lines.
 Feb. 27.—Rosalie—Suppressed Desire—The Knave of Hearts—Bloom Masque presentation to overwhelming audience.
 Feb. 29.—Who said we couldn't beat champions! Deerfield gives in to Bloom.

March

March 1.—March comes in like a lion.
 March 2.—Wop Long makes a silent speech on the platform, showing his appreciation to the student body for assisting him in making three baskets Saturday night.
 March 3.—Mr. Frank Stoll reviews past history of Bloom, and incidentally urges everyone to buy, slip, or hock a ride to K. K. K.
 March 6.—Tournament. Attempted school in morning with noticeable absences of both faculty and students. Lost to Watseka in first game. Oh, well, there's another year coming.
 March 9.—Captain Kelly invites boys to Camp Custer this summer—purely stag affair, girls.
 March 10.—First "social" hour a huge success.
 March 13.—Our first spring showers bring forth many yellow slickers,—odor of oil cloth.
 March 17.—The wearin' of the green.
 March 20.—(a) Miss Edna Means is a "sure enough" dispeller of gloom—at least we thought so; (b) Sophomores sling a St. Patrick's Party at which even Freshies attended with Upper Classmen.
 March 23.—"Come, Spring is here—away, to the woods, away; study some other day." So calls Spring. And many heed her call, 7th and 8th hours.
 March 24.—Seniors Champs of school—vanquished all other classes by overwhelming scores.
 March 26.—Quivering knees, trembling voices, dry throats, chattering teeth—Senior Class Play tryouts.
 March 27.—"W. C. B. Z., Chicago Heights, Illinois, where the Lincoln and Dixie Highways meet. The next number will be a song by the Girls' Glee Club of B. T. H. S."
 March 30.—Hold school at night to show townspeople what they are getting for their money.
 March 31.—And goes out like a lamb.



Bloom



April

- April 1 Fool'd Yah—Junior Social.
- April 2 "There is keen competition between St. Peter and St. Aubin, who will soon give him a run for his money in holding down the pearly gates.
- April 3 Some beam; others sigh—Senior Class Play cast announced.
- April 8 Just give the football team a sip of liquid air before we tear Harvey to shreds next year.
- April 9 Huzzah—Spring vacation. Woods are crowded now a'days.
- April 15 A former Bloomite returns to fill the place of a faculty member who was mislaid somewhere in the rush over Easter.
- April 16 "School days, School days, dear old golden-rule days." We have Queens in calico and hairribbons but only once—trousered boys—too cold for barefeet.
- April 30 Heads up, Girls—It's Girls' Week—for once the boys take a back seat.
- April 25 Glee Clubbers club a clefty Hop.
- April 27 "To be or not to be"—that is the question. Class Play.
- April 30 April showers bring

May

- May 1 Flowers, also Freshmen May Frolic.
- May 4 Farewell of "V?"—Chucky's got a new Dodge.
- May 5 Baseball team sets about to beat both Harvey and U. High. Huzzah!!
- May 9 Senior's Farewell party at Bloom. The gym transformed with beauty.
- May 13 Our last Social Hour—sob—sob.





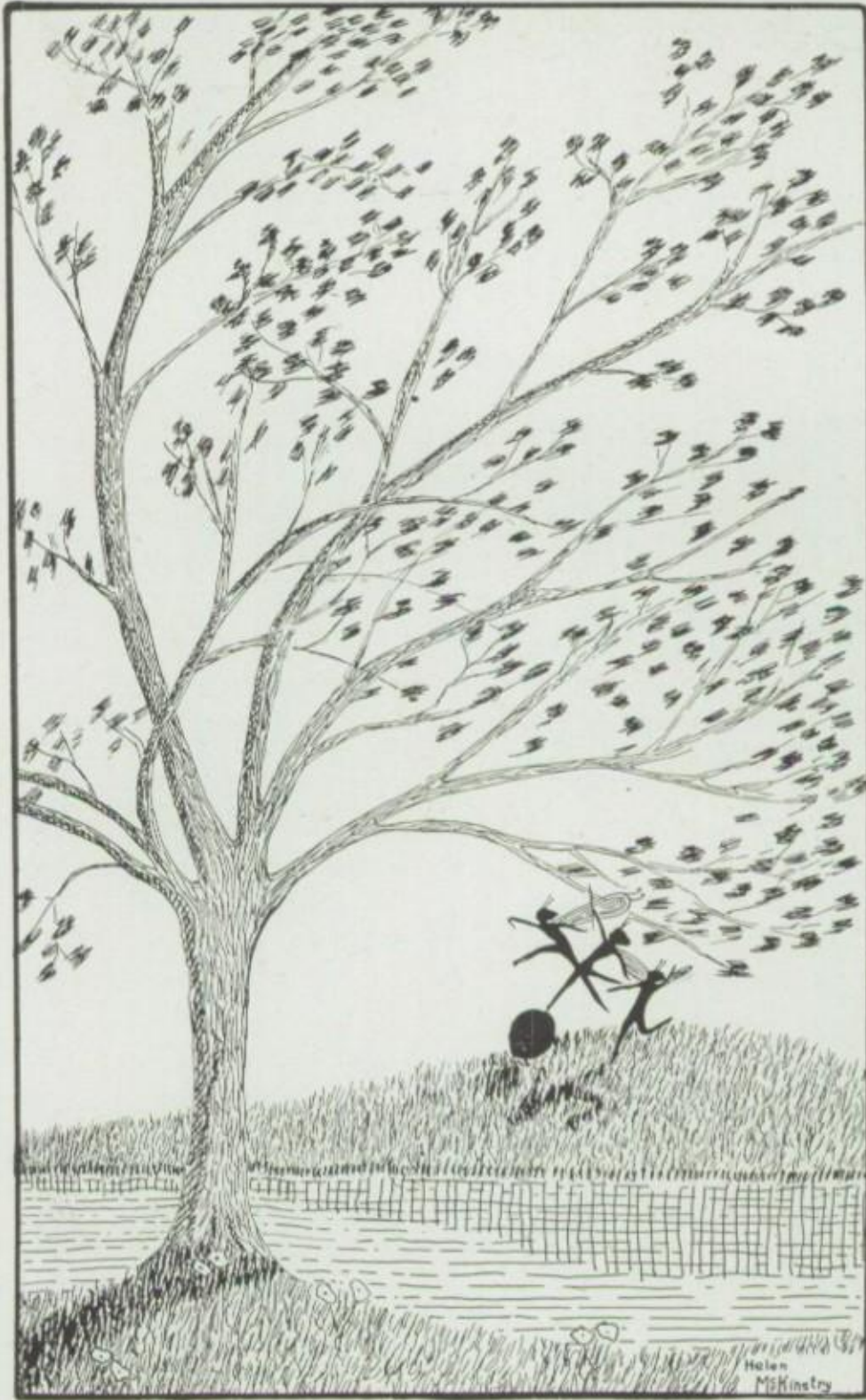
- May 15 Play against Deerfield—We evened up accounts with them, this time.
 May 18—23 Boys' Week—old copycats. Just who took the track meet?
 May 21—22 Senior class takes great pleasure in presenting two One Act Plays,
 "The Trysting Place" and "The Romancers."
 May 23 Bloom Masque Dance.
 May 27 Jolly Juniors jumping to gyp the Seniors by giving a better dance.
 May 27—28 Senior exams! Let's forget them.
 May 29 Did they succeed? ask the Seniors.

June

- June 7 On the last lap.
 June 3 The last meeting of the Glee Club—Goodbye Forever!
 June 5 The Bloom appears, the biggest and best forever—(What say Juniors?)
 June 5 Students sharpen pencils and wits.
 June 7 We receive our Baccalaureate Sermon.
 June 8 Exam—Over—for some???!!!
 June 9 Girl Books do waste more of a fellow's time and use up countless fountain pens.
 June 10 We are graduated.



HUMOR



This tree of humor, may it be
A friendly thing to all who read;
With playful shafts of wholesome glee
A smile, a laugh is ample mead.

Leaves from the Nut Tree

Miss Smith—"I take great pleasure in giving you 81 in history."
Chuckie D.—"Aw, gee—why don't you give me 100 and really enjoy yourself?"

Miss Turner—"Define paradox."
Freshie—"Two wharves."

Some Freshmen are so dumb that they think:
Automobiles come from China because they go, "Honk-Honk."
The Delaware Punch was made famous by Jack Dempsey.
A boycott is a little bed.
Vladivostok can be bought on Wall Street.
The Blarney Stone is a precious jewel.
An itching palm is a tropical plant.
A mascot is something to sleep on.

Voice on the phone: "Eddie Clark won't be able to come to school today because he's sick."
Mr. Boyer: "I see—and who is this speaking?"
Voice: "This is my father."

*A senior stepped on a railway track
A train was coming fast;
The train got off the railway track
And let the senior pass.*





ACROSS

1. She teaches us how to make square circles.
2. What the day after a quizz usually brings us (abv.)
4. Pet name for an animal which is decidedly *not* a pet.
5. What none of us would be without (we'd catch cold.)
6. Raised near London, England (abv.)
7. Our cheer-leaders must be this (minus the final "e.")
8. The abode of 4 horizontal.
10. Our English teachers tell us we use too many of these.
13. The only part of a Ford that's not tin.
15. How we like our cakes—not our side-walks (this is a slippery one.)
16. Harmony studes crave to get one of these.
17. Our German scholars will soon say a boy's name like this.
19. How we said the past tense of something we do three times a day before we came to Bloom.
20. The company that makes, "It Floats—99 44/100% Pure."

DOWN

1. The only thing we don't know about a quizz (abv.)
2. Where many marks are not much money.
3. The prize we'd like to see Mr. Halteman obtain.
4. The third Mayor of Bloom.
5. What we look forward to with fear and trembling.
11. What we feel like when we say, "I

don't know" to all easy questions.

12. We look forward to exams with this.
14. What Fran Jirtle tried to do to this book.
18. We think we're pretty good if we get one of these.
21. An endearing term used in Bloom.



"TURN OVER"

Ed Nelson (at Harvey game): "Gee that was a hot number—what do we play next, Mr. Halteman?"

Halteman: "The school song."

Ed Nelson: "Why—that's the one I just played!!!"

Miss Smith: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Bill DeVan: "At the bottom."

Our Own Advertising Section

Maxwell House Coffee—"Good to the last drop"	Grades
Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—"One of the family"	Faculty
Ipana Tooth Paste—"Good for tender gums"	Howie Graham
Chevrolet—"Economical transportation"	Bumming to K. K. K.
Fels Naptha—"Smell the clean Naptha odor"	Mr. Nelson's laboratory
Packard—"Ask the man who owns one"	Permanent pass
Chesterfield's—"They satisfy"	"A" pupils
Wrigleys—"The flavor lasts"	Pep meetings
Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise—"Always fresh"	Sophomores
Victrola—"His master's voice"	Freshie in assembly
Simmons Beds—"Built for sleep"	Eighth hour classes
Grape Nuts—"There's a reason"	Flunks
Forhans—"Four out of every five have it"	E.
Stienway—"The instrument of the immortals"	Assembly piano
Cadillac—"Standard of the world"	Miss Smith's grades

Billy Hildeman: "Gee this lecture is dry—What time is it?"

Ralph Felt: "6 to 12."

Doc. Gjerde, waking up: "Hurrah—Who made the touch down?"

Bab: "Why don't you go to London and learn the King's English."

Howie G.: "Oh, I know he's English."



Junior Cogitations

Um—five minutes to get there.— What if I don't make it!— Whew! nearly time for the last bell.— Where'd that book go to?— Gosh, lent my pencil to Bill and he didn't give it back.— I'll kill him when I see him.— What'll I do?— What'll I do? Oh, well,—

"No, I'm not late, Mr. Halteman. I only had one foot out."

What problems! Don't see why they don't put the answers in so a fella can tell when he's right.— One—two—three—that looks right.— Le'see, how'll I work this one? "If 980 dynes act on one gram of mass, what will be the acceleration of a body weighing 1000 grams and moving through a space of 50 cms?" Um—multiply 1000 by 980—nought—eight—nine,—an'—le'see,—guess you'd multiply that by that.— Yes, it looks right. Um—well, I'll tell him I don't understand 'em.

Holy Smokes! Laboratory tomorrow! Le'see. I didn't finish that other experiment. Whew! watta life. Assembly! I hope he takes all third hour. Murder! lost my history book! What'll I do!—Um, I'll borrow Bill's, an' 'en we'll be even. Wonder if they'll write a history 'bout us when we're dead. I think we need it.

Wish that girl'd talk louder. A fella can't hear what's her announcement's about.

"Honest, Miss Lohrman, I studied, but I just can't 'member those guys'—I mean those fellas' names. Oh, I studied for so long that I couldn't keep track of the minutes."

Map?—map! I left it in my English notebook, and Miss Wallace's got that—what'll I tell her? Le'me see. Um—m.

"It's in my locker. A-a-aw, I can't remember, but I know it's there."

Le'see, what'd that fella do? I think he a—I'll let somebody else answer that. A quiz tomorrow! I just gotta study. Wonder why history books had to be invented, anyway?

"I know. That fella's name was a-a— I can't pronounce it. It starts with M. No? But,, Miss Lohrmann, I thought that was his name. I guess I looked at it wrong."

The first bell! Oh! English.— Where'd I put that outline? Um—m—maybe I didn't do it.

Our quiz papers back. A "C"! I must be getting bright. Bill got "E". I feel sorry for those guys that can't get this stuff. Wish I'd got a "B". Outline! Yes, le'me see—I had it; I know I did. Can't seem to find it now. Oh, Jimminy! It's in my history notebook and Miss Lohrman's got that. Le'see.

"I didn't get to write it in ink, Miss Wallace. Yessum, I'll bring it up after school."

Whew, a narrow 'scape. I just can't remember that—a—Wish I knew somethin! I'll just have to study. Um—m, now let me see.—Hurray! the first bell. Book reports tomorrow! Jimminy! Wonder if Miss Hess'll help me find one.

Wish Mr. Boyer'd ring assembly. Hate to study that Mr. Dyer tol' me to look up. Well, I'll tell him—a—that—oh, that I jus' couldn't do it fifth hour. Gee, that clock goes slow.

"Hey, lemme see that newspaper. Thanks!"

Um—m, that's a good joke. Wonder where the funny page is. Um—that's corking all right,—all right.

"Aw, let me finish readin' it. Be a sport!"

The first bell! An' I haven't found out even how to begin that do-funny. Oh, well, maybe Jack'll help me. Whew, I'm hungry! Hope maw's got pie for dinner. One side, I gotta get home an' eat!

"TURN OVER"



Do You Remember Way Back When?

You were a bashful freshie?
There were only a few men teachers?
Ollie's first year out for basketball?
Roland took his first Latin lesson?
Avis Clamitz came to the first school party?
Leora Edwards was so bashful she wouldn't speak until spoken to?
Freshmen were properly (?) initiated into Bloom school life?
The present Seniors feared *another* group of Seniors?
The faculty viewed the antics of the student body from the platform?
Bold freshmen were taught manners by a few seniors?
The present Senior girls' basketball team beat a certain group of upper classmen and said group of upper classmen wept for hours after?
The Glee Clubs gave Operettas?
There were various kinds of sales in the corridor to raise money for the proms?
There was a craze for green earrings?
Bloom had dancing classes after school?
There was no shack?

Max: "Where's the funny paper?"
Hubert: "Funny paper? Today isn't Sunday. I told you not to take that bath last night!!!"

Miss Stewart: "In the early times, the Romans believed that if they were born under certain stars, they had certain destinies."
Theo. Meyer: "What if they were born in the daytime?"

Don Stohr: "What's the charge for this battery?"
Garageman: "One and a half volts."
Don: "Say, how much is that in American money?"

MR. WALDORF: "Are you going to get a job?"
JACK: "Sure I've found a good job fixing trolley tracks. I have to stop working every few minutes to let street cars pass."



Bloom

Miss Wallace: "What's an optimist?"

Henry Scott: "The guy who went fishing on the ark with only 2 worms aboard."

Bion Murphy: "Is there soup on this bill of fare?"

Waiter: "There was but I wiped it off."

Mr. Boyer: "What do you mean by smoking in here, William?"

Bill Vohs: "Why, I'm not smoking, Mr. Boyer."

Mr. Boyer: "But you have a cigarette in your mouth."

Bill: "Yes—but I've shoes on my feet and I'm not walking."

Doctor: "Well, well and how did you find yourself this morning?"

Hollis: "Oh—I dunno—I just opened my eyes and there I was."

Franny: "I am only a pebble in her life."

Miss Stewart: "Why don't you try being a little boulder?"

We admire:

Hollis	for his	laugh
Doc. Van Voorhis	for his	persistance
Velda and Ray	for their	perpetual motion
Billy Hildeman	for his	aloofness
Gjerde & Co.	for their	pep
Eddie Clark	for his	bashfulness (?)
Leona Ueber	for her	coyness
Elizabeth Wehrley	for her	wisdom
Russel Blessing	for his	sleeplessness
Member of Bloom's team	for his	modesty

Cop: "Hey, don't you know this is a one-way street?"

Marion S.: "But officer, I'm only going one way."

Duke Overman: "I've an awful cold in my head."

Libby: "Well, that's something."

Jack: "Say, gotta cigarette?"

Jerome: "Sure, wanta see it?"



"TURN OVER"

"Swede:" "Guess what Mr. Boyer said about you this morning."

"Wop:" "I haven't the least idea."

"Swede:" "Ah, so he told you, too."

Betty: "Gee Billy's the polite boy isn't he?"

Bob: "Yeh?"

Betty: "I should say so—why he always points out an empty seat in a trolley to a lady and then races her for it."

Miss Lohrmann: "What was the Dawes plan, Jerome?"

"Jerry:" "Why-er-er to elect Coolidge, wasn't it?"

Bobby Olson: "Were you ever in love?"

Peggy: "That's my business."

Bobby: "Well, how's business?"

Eugene Sauter: Garibaldi took a thousand "red shirts" and captured Sicily.

*There once was a driver named Morning,
Who never did heed any warning,
He drove on a track without looking back,
So they're mourning this morning for Morning.*

Miss Bliss: "What do you know about Haydn and Handel, Edward?"

Eddie Clark: "'Haydin' go seek, and 'Handel' with care."



Your Idea of Torture

FRANCES JIRTLE: "Being proposed to over a 'phone and then being told it was the wrong number."

CHUCK DONOVAN: "Sitting in a barber's chair with your face full of lather and watching some other guy get your new hat." (We think Chuckie is spoofing us. The only thing he gets at a barbers is a haircut).

PEGGY ELLIS: "Being locked up in a room with 500 hats and no mirror."

Marion Shoenberger (descending with her report card): "Well, I flunked physics."

Gladys: "Why I can't understand it!!!"

Marion: "Neither can I, that's why I flunked."

Bloom must be up-to-date so this year we have some popular songs; besides we don't have song books any more. We're "Sim's Song Sliders," now.

Bloom Songs

"Blue Eyed Sally"—Fern Bahlman.

"Big Boy"—Jerry Spafford.

"Big Bad Bill Is Sweet William Now"—Bill Vohs.

"I Can't Get the One I Want"—Grades.

"Honest and Truly"—Excuses.

"I'll See You in My Dreams"—Diploma.

"June Night"—Graduation.

"Charlie My Boy"—Chuckie Donovan.

"All Alone"—What the Duke wants to be at 4 P. M.

"Dreamer of Dreams"—Senior.

"Follow the Swallow"—Our triple drinking fountain.

"Me and the Boy Friend"—Alice and Duke O.

"Too Tired"—Our first pep meetings.

"What'll I Do"—After graduation.



"THA'S ALL"



Three "B's"



SNAPS



Book Worms



Peek a Boo



Be careful



Hokus pokus



Good Prop



Much Mess



Crazy Kids



Plaids



Four Generations

Go, little Booklet, go,
Bearing your message of trees,
Carry Bloom's story far and wide,
Over the land and seas.

